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ABSTRACT

Intended to provide a full range of storytelling techniques, this workbook includes 54 stories and their activities. Some stories are introduced with a fanfare and warmup section based on theatre games; some stories are preceded by commentary and source notes; and some folktales are retold with no preliminaries at all. About half of the stories suggested for telling are printed in the workbook; the other half are to be found in books generally available in the folklore section of a children's library. Creative drama is suggested as a follow-up activity for about half of the stories; the balance stand on their own simply as stories for telling. Stories are categorized in four lists according to themes: nonsense and repetition, new dimensions, adventure and trickster tales, and questing and the use of magic. Separate chapters provide techniques for storytelling and story theatre. (HOD)

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Workshop Edition

Word Weaving

A Storytelling Workbook

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Catharine Horne

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DEDICATION

This workbook is dedicated to the schoolchildren of San Francisco who were the inspiration and the players for these pages.

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FOREWORD

Many people large and small—children, storytellers, teachers, parents, and professors—have contributed to the contents of this workbook. The stories have been scanned for bias—sexist, racist, ethnic. Tabulations have been made for frequency and type of sex roles, character by character. Stories have been revised, rewritten or eliminated to obtain clear, positive images for children that include both sexes and as many dominant American cultures as possible. The language in the stories ranges from everyday spoken English to the sometimes archaic, literary language of folktale retellings. To offset the effects of the faddish mass media, this book retains the classic Indo-European nursery tales as the important and familiar basics on which to build. On the other hand, original stories, written with the rhythm of black English or a Latino cadence and flavor are also included. These original tales use universal folktale motifs in a modern idiom to bridge the way to the older folktales.

Altogether, the story material has been assembled to reflect a balance in the work of telling stories to children. Some stories are introduced with a Fanfare and Warmup section based on theater games; some stories are preceded by commentary and source notes; some folktales I have retold and set forth with no preliminaries at all. About half of the stories suggested for telling are printed in the workbook, the other half are to be found in other books—generally available in the folklore section of a children's library. Creative drama is suggested as a follow-up activity for about half of the stories; the balance stand on their own simply as stories for telling. A full range of storytelling techniques is provided—for the professional, the teacher, the parent. Each technique is interchangeable. For example, teachers and parents are invited to use professional storytelling techniques and the spontaneous storytelling most likely to be found in the home is equally welcome in the classroom. Bibliographies are included at the end to acquaint the reader with the world of literature on storytelling that exists beyond the pages of this book. I trust that each reader will find his or her own way through this book—a thread to make your own.

Section One

Backdrop and Method for Storytelling

CHAPTER ONE
AN INTRODUCTION

"In the High and Far-Off Times,
O Best Beloved. . ."
—Rudyard Kipling

Brazenly, I began telling stories long before I was aware of either skill or method. It was a rising to an occasion, spontaneously and desperately. During the 1960s in a San Francisco junior high school, I was an English teacher faced with large classes of students who had only a nodding acquaintance with books. I realized by the level of their enthusiasm that their knowledge of the printed page was more of the "nodding off" variety. For whatever reason, they did not know how to read and as ninth grade "sophisticates" didn't appear to be interested in learning how.

Armed with my English curriculum folder, I braved the dusty realms of the textbook room to choose one of the two books available for our assigned course of study titled "Greek and Roman Mythology." The simpler textbook was an antique. It featured black-and-white photographs of statuary, engravings of laurel tree branches and urns. The text itself was done in outline form with Roman and Arabic numerals at each indentation and margin and footnotes in italics. It might as well have been written in the original Greek. However, the more difficult textbook was out of the question; it was nothing but words. There was not even a blurred photograph of a statue of Zeus in profile to catch the eye of the reluctant reader. So, the choice was the first book with pictures or none at all. At least we would maintain the semblance of conducting an English class: Books would be passed out down the rows of desks, opened and shut.

It soon became apparent to me that nothing, mythological or otherwise, would bring the information forth from the pages without my reading it aloud. Then it happened. One day, irked at the tired textbook delivery, I put the textbook aside and began to tell in my own words the tale of Daphne and Apollo. I will never forget the charge in the room; suddenly there was nothing else in it except my words and students' eyes, watching. They were seeing beyond me into the myth. In fact, both the students and I were watching the adventure of Apollo and Daphne as it took place. The shared experience of telling the story was far more immediate than reading it aloud while standing at my lectern. Today, that school building is closed and gutted, but the aliveness of that moment is still real to me, a constant reminder of the sudden and effective magic of

storytelling.

Two years later, I was a student at the University of California, Berkeley, enrolled in the master's program at the Library School. I had abandoned the idea of teaching English literature to nonreaders (at least for the moment) and decided to specialize. I wanted access to students in a school library and a way to assist them in learning without the threat of test scores or the sometimes pitched battle of classroom discipline. With these goals in mind, I adjusted my rose-colored glasses and went off to graduate school.

Puzzling over the menu of courses, I saw a storytelling class and wondered if I had the courage to take it. The mere idea of learning such a thing in graduate school seemed intriguing, but slightly threatening. Performing in front of a class of peers might bring on a case of stage fright, something to be avoided in the already competitive atmosphere of graduate scholarship. Fortunately, before the course was to begin in the spring quarter, I heard my first story. As a child I had been deprived of library story hours. Even though I have fond memories of my mother reading the *Jungle Book* aloud to me, I had never been in the presence of a masterful weaver of tales. Such a person was Mae Durham Roger, professor of children's literature, who started telling a story one day right in the middle of class. I was enthralled, once again struck with the holding power in the telling of a simple tale. There was no question; I wanted to master that skill. That spring I learned from Mae Durham Roger, who brings immense integrity and charm to a story, the tradition and art of storytelling, and received her encouragement to tell stories myself.

During the past ten years, I've had the singular experience of telling stories six hours of many school days to hundreds of children. As a children's librarian in the San Francisco School District, I was assigned to numerous different schools, even eight at one time. With no introduction, I would launch time and again into the tales, watch the magic take effect, holding the attention of widely divergent classes of children. Because of limited scheduling time, there were days when two or three classes would crowd into one room to await the "liberry lady's" visit. I would open the door and wonder if I could trust a story to a wall-to-wall jumble of students. The story inevitably would hold their attention. All those young faces were staring not at me, but through me, as fascinated as I was by the conjuring power of the word. It was overwhelming. The deep silences and the immediate exchange left me with more energy at the end of the school day than at the beginning. My experience of working in the city schools had changed utterly.

Later, I was able to design and implement a language arts component in two different Early Childhood Education projects. I

began to develop language-building activities that derive from the story hour: the outflow after all the inflow of telling. I thought there must be a spontaneous way to tap the student's energy that naturally concentrates around a story well told. A story has wings; it literally defies the laws of gravity. The heaviness and the difficulties of verbal communication dissolve in the sheer enjoyment of a story unfolding. The complications of language are resolved in the satisfying pattern of a fantasy or a folktale. After all, no one has to know how to play the piano to enjoy listening to Chopin. So, instead of being piano students stumbling over scales, we are able to soar with the music on an inspirited level. If storytelling is as fascinating an art as is music, there must be a way to carry that interest into other related language experiences to help children learn to enjoy reading and to read well.

The outcome of my story work with children is part of the contents of this workbook. Essentially, however, this book is to be used simply for learning and telling stories, and, as a storybook, it has four basic components.

To help the beginning storyteller identify and use stories that speak directly to children, I have included *fifteen original tales.* The language of these stories is modern, plain spoken English, geared to multicultural groups of children, though not exclusively so. Many of these plots are based on themes from folk literature.

I have retold *five tales from folklore* to make sure that the transition from modern stories to less culturally familiar tales takes place between the covers of the workbook.

In addition, selected titles of *thirty-four folk tales* are provided throughout the book in a sequence appropriate to grade level. The full texts of four of the tales are given in the workbook.

The *activities preceding the stories* should be as spontaneous and fascinating to children as the stories themselves. The activities with my fifteen original stories require few or no materials.

All fifty-four stories and their activities are gathered together in *four separate lists* to repeat certain themes in story content. The lists are generally arranged in order of increasing difficulty. For broad-based appeal, this workbook is designed to be used wherever children gather: the classroom, library, preschool, child care center, scout troop, and in the home.

With current cutbacks in public service, schools and libraries might not have access to a librarian trained in the storytelling tradition. However, no one familiar with the oral tradition of storytelling would confine its art to a single institution. A story can be told anywhere—that is part of its charm. Use of this book might serve to help carry on the oral tradition, which seems to be fading from our

modern, mass media culture. My experience using storytelling and story activities with children has resulted in their greater desire to read, to do storytelling themselves, to write plays and stories of their own. The rewards for the teller and the listeners are many. I invite you to become a storyteller—a weaver at the simple loom of the spoken word.

CHAPTER TWO
TALES IN THE SPINNING: THE BACKGROUND OF STORYTELLING

". . . whoever sits on this piece of tapestry may be transported in an instant wherever he desires to be without being stopped by any obstacle."
—from *The Arabian Nights*

Scheherazade, approaching the throne of the sultan to offer herself as his bride, had only a single thought. Behind her heavy veil was not just another pretty face, but her dark eyes glistened with the mischief of a plan to save herself and the women of her country from marriage and execution at the hands of the barbarous Sultan Schahriar. We know that she rose before daybreak on the first of the thousand and one nights to begin a story of marvel and wonder, ending her narrative in suspense. Of course the sultan, fascinated and enraptured by Scheherazade's story, spared her life and asked her to continue. Each night, she carefully wove her tales, stories within stories, one whetting the appetite for the other, until she had so charmed the sultan that he lifted the execution indefinitely and made her his queen.

Scheherazade is the storyteller *par excellence*, being a story herself. Yet she, nothing more than a piece of woven air, embodies much of the tradition and spirit of art. Viewed from the origin of that marvelous phrase, "once-upon-a-time," however, she is a glamorous and modern newcomer.

Storytelling is ancient, among the oldest of art forms. Exactly when primitive people began to collect their thoughts, fears, and dreams and weave them into the fabric of stories is a mystery. Suffice it to say, no culture is known to exist without tales and legends and these stories were first and foremost the repository of all that was known. The aboriginal people used stories to explain natural phenomena: lightning, stars, or a peculiar animal. Longer stories, myths and legends elaborated on the creation of the world and the purpose of the human species. These great stories that depicted the beginnings of life and human heroism were told at the solemn rites of ancient religions. The Bible and all the epics later captured on a printing press began centuries ago. They hung by the thread of a tale, passed on, passed down through thousands of years. We read of the minstrels, bards and troubadors who sang their yarns during the early Middle Ages. And we learn of the folktales told by peasants by day and by candlelight, glowing with adventure and magic. These tales were first collected into anthologies during the 17th century by

the French folklorist, Charles Perrault. In the last century, Jacob and William Grimm gathered together many of the German Marchen, the household stories of that time, as did Asbjorsen and Moe with a Norwegian collection of tales.

In our own country, the tradition of storytelling has been revived and kept alive primarily through the public library system. American tall tales and animal stories have been anthologized, but the oral tradition of telling a tale aloud has all but died. The remarkable exception are the hundreds of storytellers in Appalachia and the deep South. However, the art might have disappeared from our culture without the growth of libraries as educational and cultural institutions. Among the most influential of libraries dedicated to the promotion of storytelling as a potent force in stimulating the love of reading, has been the New York Public Library. Anna Cogswell Tyler, the organizer and Supervisor of Storytelling there from 1908 until her death in 1923, is chiefly responsible for elevating the art to one used by a professional (the librarian) for an educational purpose (reading motivation/cultural exposure).

The British expert, Marie Shedlock, wrote the classic book on storytelling, *The Art of the Storyteller* (1915), which captures the purpose and style of turn-of-the-century storytelling. Shedlock's book defines storytelling as an art within the literary tradition and enthusiastically encourages its use by parents and teachers to achieve educational and ethical goals. The artistic principles outlined in this book are the standards that are still in use. Later, writing in much the same vein, Ruth Sawyer shared her personal experiences and joy in her art in *The Way of the Storyteller* (1942), making an American contribution to the field. The librarian storytellers tended to combine these two, making the Shedlock-Sawyer approach an overall model for practice and purpose. It is this school of storytelling that I find most effective, particularly in our electronic age, for it develops sustained concentration in telling and, therefore, promises the greatest depth in listening.

The New York Public Library, through its vigorous programs and the leadership of librarians such as Mary Gould Davis, Eulalie Steinmetz Ross and their successors, has kept the goals of the storyhour alive to this day. Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore and the Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh also have strong library programs. All part of the growth of public libraries and the "children's room" nationwide, the storyhour where tales were told, or at least books read aloud, became a popular part of Americana. It is only within the last decade that libraries and literary traditions have lost general public support. Meager budgets have meant curtailment of enrichment programs in libraries and schools. Without the mandated support, the magic of the storyhours seems

close to vanishing.

But let us return to the Sultan Schahriar and his stay of execution: He could not snip the thread and, "thereby hung the tale." I am convinced that the old tales never die; they are immediate and stirring and always will be. They only need a breath to bring them to life; that is, the voice of the teller. The material itself—folktales, legends, myths and epics--is sure-fire and works its own magic. Any story worth its salt that starts out with "once" and ends up with "evermore" and along the way turns in and out of marvel, magic, wonder and the totally unexpected can be told with complete confidence. The audience, young or old, will listen with a depth in the silence that is rarely achieved in our noisy, modern life. These stories are long threads that bind us all together, the past to today to tomorrow, the many cultures into one tapestry. All they ask is the weaver, the one who will work their art and bring them whole into our vision. Of course, as Scheherazade knew, there are tricks of the trade, a mastery that makes the difference between success and failure.

CHAPTER THREE
STEP BY STEP: THE TECHNIQUE OF STORYTELLING

"The three odd creatures sat down to spin. The first drew out the thread and turned the wheel, and the second moistened it. The third twisted it, striking with her fingers on the table; and every time she did this a beautiful skein of silky yarn fell to the floor."
—from "The Three Spinning Fairies," Grimm

In storytelling, as in any art, there are those who will take to it with a natural ability. These are the "born" storytellers. But, remember, storytelling is a heritage for all people, from the most primitive tribe member to a professional performer. Somewhere in between is each one of us. We actually *are* a story in ourselves, with a life story or a family history that has been passed through the generations. Everyone already has a story to tell and can learn to tell it convincingly to an appreciative audience. When learning someone else's story, an original tale or one from folk literature, there is only one sure way to tell it—*your* way. There is no "right" or "wrong" way to deliver a story; there is only your own personal and authentic way. In fact, the life of a story in the telling depends on how *much* you make it your own.

No doubt about it, the most effective way to tell a story is without a book. Maximum eye contact and visual concentration on the part of teller and listener is ensured. However, I already have pointed out that not everyone is as natural in the art, and often what does not come easily is labored or strained. It is better to have a story read well with interest and vitality than one badly told. Awkward pauses, nervous delivery and fumbling for the plot make the story difficult for everyone. For those who feel comfortable telling a tale directly, practice will improve ability, developing it into a true gift. For those who find the art hard to handle in its ideal form, having the book in hand is the best answer. And, indeed, considering the preparation time it takes to make a story your own, the best overall approach would be to combine telling and reading aloud so as not to make the project an onerous one.

When committing a story to memory, the question is: Exactly how should the words of the text be remembered? Most of us naturally resist the level of concentration needed to memorize anything word for word. But my feeling is that the beginning storyteller ought to aim at the greatest precision attainable, starting out with short, simple and well-known folktales. After gaining confidence in the art and developing a flair for a story, some ad-libbing of detail will give a spontaneity and freshness as well as keep the character of the oral tradition itself alive.

PREPARATION FOR TELLING

1. STORY SELECTION

If there is any secret to becoming a successful storyteller, it is to choose a story that you want to tell. The determining factor in choosing a story is your own taste. In addition, keep these three basic points in mind:

Clearly defined structure. Find a story that starts at the beginning, proceeds through the middle, and has a conclusion.

Catharsis. Choose a story with an ending that breaks through the tension of the plot into an emotionally clear and satisfying resolution.

Language. Read silently the stories you are considering. When you find a plot you like, read it aloud and be aware of the quality of the language. Listen: Does the language weave a spell or simply beat out a story as dry as a stick.

I want to emphasize the importance of language in story selection by comparing the English translations of two Grimm stories. Beginning storytellers are greatly affected by a writer's style as they develop their own delivery skills. Finding a writer or translator who has an awareness of rhythm in the story and a poetic use of images will be the most effective use of your time and the most enjoyable. I have chosen the first few sentences of the stories, generally the most important attention grabber in the entire tale.

Read aloud the following excerpts, both from the Grimm folktale, "The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids."

A. "There was once an old nanny goat who had seven kids. And she was just as fond of them as a mother is of her children."
Fairy Tales by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
A Rainbow Classic. World, 1947.

B. "Once there was a mother goat—her name was Mother Nanny. She had seven little baby goats which, as you know, are called kids, and these she loved as dearly as any mother loves her children."
Wanda Gag, *More Tales From Grimm.*
Coward McCann, 1947.

Notice the flatness of example A and the sprightliness of B. B invites you into the story with a quick, flowing rhythm while A is a brief listing of story information in a monotone. Use the same procedure with the next set of examples from the Grimm tale, "Iron Hans."

A. "There was once a king whose castle was surrounded by a forest full of game. One day he sent a huntsman out to shoot a deer, but

he never came back."
Fairy Tales by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm.
A Rainbow Classic. World, 1947.

B. "There was a king who had a large and beautiful forest in which roamed wild animals of many kinds. One day he sent a hunter into these woods to shoot him a deer. The hunter went, but when evening came he did not return."
Wanda Gag, *More Tales From Grimm.*
Coward McCann, 1947

In this set, read the different rhythms; A is stiff and staccato; B is flowing and has complete rhythmic phrases that rise and fall. Next note that B uses specific images that create pictures in the mind while A's language is generally descriptive. Obviously, the B examples written by Wanda Gag are crafted in the storyteller's art; this is the type of language to take the trouble to learn in developing your own storytelling style. I include a last example for reading that is not a translation, but an English folktale told in English to indicate the richness a story can have close to its linguistic source. Read these two sentences slowly aloud:

"Long ago, in my grandmother's time, the Carland was all in bogs, great pools of black water and creeping trickles of green water and squishy mools which squirted when you stepped on them. Well, Granny used to say how, long before her time, the moon herself was once dead and buried in the marshes, and, as she used to tell me, I'll tell you all about it."
Joseph Jacobs, "The Buried Moon,"
More English Fairy Tales, Putnam, 1904.

The mastery of language detail in "The Buried Moon" introduction is undeniable, especially if you sound out each phrase. The cumulative effect, of course, is overpowering. The ear is deftly prepared to hear the story. The poetic tones of the language in these first sentences have established a mood and even a watery, squishy environment. You can both *hear* and *see* the bogs in this excerpt, setting the stage for the story. I heartily recommend both Wanda Gag and Joseph Jacobs as writers who understand the language needed to speak a story. If you use their books as "hallmark" collections, you will develop a discriminating taste in story selection.

2. READING AND BLOCKING THE STORY

When you have chosen your story, slowly and carefully read it out loud three times. Sound out each sentence and become familiar with the individual words.

"Blocking" involves more word work. Cut up your story into its building blocks—the important pieces of information that follow one

upon the other. Make a list of these parts or outline the story on index cards. If you don't want to write in your book, make a Xeroxed copy of the story and underline or highlight key words. You could write key words in the margin or block off the key sections of the story in boxes. Whatever method you choose for "blocking," the aim is to see how the story is built. Your purpose is to find the story structure by sorting through the words of the story. Each storyteller will block a story differently—in the same way that we all have our own filing system.

Imagine blocking "Jack and the Beanstalk." The first set of key words might be "no milk." The second set might be "sell Milky White," and the third "beans." An outline, of course, would be more detailed.

Another way to block a story might be to describe the characters in it by role, age, physical characteristics, dress, etc. For example, Jack is twelve years old, four feet five inches tall, wearing a green jerkin and a pointed hat with a feather in it. When you feel you have a firm grasp on all the pieces of information in the story and how they fit together in order, proceed to the next step.

3. VISUALIZATION SETTING

This is the key step in preparation. If it is left out, the story will not have enough reality for you to tell it. In addition, this step and the next will dramatically reduce the time it takes to learn a story. Visualizing the story events is much easier than word-for-word memorizing. We will start with the setting.

Close your eyes and imagine that you are in the cottage the morning after Jack's mother threw the beans out of the window and sent Jack to bed without any supper. Neither Jack nor his mother is awake yet. You yourself are invisible in the setting, but all your senses function except your sense of hearing; you can see, feel, smell, taste, but you cannot hear a single sound. The imaginary story world of "Jack and the Beanstalk" is a silent movie. Look at Jack sleeping in his bed, tousled between his tattered covers; see his mother in her bed and wander freely around the silent movie "set." Before anyone awakens, go to the window and look up at the towering beanstalk. See its leaves shining in the early morning sunlight. Feel them with your invisible and silent hands.

Leap into the stalk and move quickly to the top. Lift your head up and through the cloud layer and explore the upper region of this story. Move with ease throughout the giant's immense castle and examine whatever you wish: the table legs, the knives in the kitchen, the golden harp. Expand your senses further: taste leftovers

on the giant's massive plate, touch the fabric of the tapestries, smell the air in the huge castle rooms, feel the draftiness of the big rooms, the heat from the fires. Notice color and light. After taking the time to visualize and simultaneously create every important item and detail in the movie set of this story, open your eyes.

4. VISUALIZATION PLOT

Since you have spent a lot of creative time already on location with "Jack and the Beanstalk," you are now ready to run the silent film of the story itself. Close your eyes and begin with the first incident of the tale: see Jack leave the house with Milky-White. There is no sound track; the story will continue on to the end with no captions, subtitles, or background music. Frame after frame, watch the story project itself visually on the screen of your imagination. Create each character. See their faces, their expressions. Notice how they are dressed and watch the way they walk or gesture. You might take a look into their eyes, for fun, and see whether they are happy or sad, unsure or sullen, or bright and confident.

Watch Jack walk down the road to the village and see him meet the old man. Their lips move in speech, but you cannot hear the words. They gesture. You see the beans.

The story scenes move on in their exact sequence. As you watch them, get a sense of which ones move slowly and which are fast-paced. See Jack sneak up with great stealth to grab the bag of gold, and then run as fast as he can to the beanstalk and climb down. Play the story all the way through to the "happily ever after" and then open your eyes.

You have now completed the process of memorizing the story as a series of pictures. If you cannot visualize the entire story through smoothly, continue to read it until you can see each event of the story in an accurate sequence moving inexorably to the end.

5. VOICE PRODUCTION

Now pick up the book again, keeping our newly created images fresh in your mind, and begin to read aloud. As you speak the words of the story *make the sound convey the picture you have in your mind.* You are communicating your picture through the words. The more you concentrate on the images of your story and on communicating them, the greater depth and effectiveness you will achieve as a storyteller. It is, literally, a spoken meditation. The more real it is to you, the more real the story will become to your listeners. You will find that your language will naturally take on more color and vitality. Your very words will have a tonal quality that reflects the emotional tenor of the tale.

6. MEMORIZATION

At this point, it is time to put the story aside for a day or two. When you pick it up again, you might reread it for careful expression or you might memorize it verbatim. Perhaps memorizing a story word for word sounds extremely difficult or even impossible. However, by concentrating on the sequence of images, it is actually done much more easily than it might seem. The words follow the pictures in a natural process.

7. PRACTICE

Whether you are going to memorize or read the story, take time to know it well. Stand with the book to one side and tell the story with conviction. Then, with all notes and the book completely out of reach, tell the story again convincingly from your own mental images and from your knowledge of the words of the story. Each telling will give it a new dimension. Tape record yourself telling a story and listen to the playback. Tape can help you more accurately memorize and serve as a way to critique the quality of your voice. If you don't enjoy taping your own voice, this is not a necessary step. Another way to get a sense of the sound of your own voice is to stand facing a corner with your hands cupping your ears. As you tell the story out loud, the words bounce back from the walls much as an audience might hear them. The essential point is to practice telling the story any way you feel comfortable: in an empty room, in front of a mirror, to your family or friends, or to a tape recorder. If you choose a live audience for practice, make sure you can count on their positive support for giving you constructive criticisms.

DELIVERY

After the seven rehearsal steps, it's time to tell the story.

1. Stand in front of the audience. Make certain you have the full attention of the group before beginning the tale. Be aware of the group as well. Allow yourself to observe its mood without becoming particularly affected by it. Concentrate on the story and trust it to keep the attention of the group. Wait until you feel centered, poised; the instant you sense the moment to start, begin. Do not hesitate or waste attention on false starts. Feel the beat and begin.

2. Once started, do not interrupt the story to explain it, to discipline the group, or to define an unfamiliar word. If there is an archaic word in your story, do not change it. Speak it distinctly and project the mental picture the word describes while saying it out loud. Those listeners who do not understand the word specifically will gain a general impression in the context of the continuing story line. Barring any emergency, concentrate on telling the story from beginning to end without stopping. Let the story tell itself and allow the listeners to stretch their own imaginations in defining words in context and sorting through inexplicable events.

3. Pay particular attention to the first few sentences of the story. Start with an emphasis and a volume that immediately holds the audience.

4. While telling the story, keep your posture as relaxed as possible and try to draw as little attention to your person as you can. Facial expressions ought to reflect the meaning of your words, certainly, but not be clever theatrics that poke fun at what you are saying. Anything—dramatic change of posture, grandiose gestures, or faked grimaces and winks—that detracts from concentration on the story line is out of bounds. Like the black-robed orchestra members, storytellers are an instrumental part of the work, not performers in themselves.

5. Keep your eyes directly on the audience, moving your gaze around the room so that you include each person while you are telling the story. Do not stop your gaze, however, to stare at anyone in particular.

6. If you are reading from the book rather than telling by heart (or mental images), consult your book as little as possible. Eye contact is an integral part of storytelling.

7. Be aware of timing in your tale; slow down; speed up; relish the words. Build to a fast tempo when the action moves and then...pause to create suspense.

8. On arriving at the end of your tale, speak with the same clarity and precise diction you used at the beginning. Do not add to the story by commenting on it or by prompting a response from the group. Allow the story to live within its own frame. Do not begin discussion on it or belabor any of its details. Keep the impact of story time fresh and appealing without making it into a lesson.

CHAPTER FOUR A KEY TO READING: STORYTELLING IN THE CLASSROOM

"The king led her into a room that was quite full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said: 'All of this must be spun into gold before morning, as you love your life.' And he shut the door himself and left her there alone."
—from "Rumplestiltskin," Grimm

On first thought, it might seem impossible to make the spun gold of a story happen in the noisy, everyday atmosphere of a classroom. A second thought might be that someone else could probably do it, but certainly not you.

The truth is, a story has its own vitality and will live in your classroom if you invite it in as you would a guest. And, just as you would offer a chair to a guest, you must prepare a space for the story.

Even so, the story-guest often arrives in the room like the miller's daughter in "Rumplestiltskin." In the story the peasant girl stands bereft and alone—all because of her father's boasting and the king's greed. In front of her is nothing but ordinary, barnyard straw. This straw is the familiar, sometimes worthless, stuff of the classroom: words, talk, chatter, noise. Now we are asking what looks like the impossible—to take the very same substance, the straw of the room, the *talk*, and to spin common English words into pure gold. Have we, up to now, been boasting about the old-fashioned, perhaps archaic, art of storytelling? The outcome appears uncertain. But wait, there is a knock at the door! A small man with a tall, pointed hat enters the room, Rumplestiltskin at our service. He will gladly do the work, and easily by morning. The answer for the storyteller is quite clear: To work the magic of a story, *change character* ever so slightly.

For the span of the story time, entertain another role for you the teacher. Trade the unavoidable role of instructor, test corrector, homework assigner, and disciplinarian for the worker of spells and weaver of words. Be the jester, the Rumplestiltskin, for your own straw. Present yourself to your class with humor and delight. Smile, even wickedly. Look as though you are enjoying yourself tremendously. Let on that you know many marvelous secrets. Intimate that the impossible, the fantastic, is easily within your reach. You might even imagine that you have put on a different hat, maybe a tall, pointed one with bells if that appeals to your fancy. In this slightly out-of-character role you can share with ease the fanciful gold of a story.

Now that you are inviting the story-guest into your classroom with a Pied Piper flair that allows for welcome *and* intrigue, you must next find a location in the room just for storytelling, as large an area as possible. It will include the "stage" and the "audience." The "stage" is the space for you, the storyteller, to stand or sit. It is also the space for story theater, that is, the puppet plays or creative drama that might follow several storytelling sessions. The "audience" should be seated so that everyone in the room can see and hear everything that happens on the story "stage." Maybe the students remain at their desks, or move their chairs into a semi-circle, or sit together on a rug. Whatever the seating arrangement, it should be kept consistent so the students know the appropriate behavior for storytime listening and participation. The overall idea is to break set on the classroom in much the same way that you have changed your character role ever so slightly. The stage area could be decorated, made attractive with a poster or a curtain backdrop. You could develop the idea of a magic keyhole and unlock an invisible door to get to the stage. Any device, stagey or decorative, that creates the idea of a new set, a change of location, will aid in framing the story. Perhaps using the school library, auditorium, or multi-purpose room for a complete change of scene would be the most effective. However, your classroom has the privacy and familiarity that might make it the most inviting space of all.

Once you have set the stage for storytelling in your room or school and have determined how you wish your classroom audience to sit, try out the space. Break the ice by reading a book that is familiar to you. Test out not only the effectiveness of the space, but also the best time of the day for a story. When you feel comfortable with the story arrangement you have made in your classroom, the seating plan, the stage, the time of day, the frequency of the story hour, etc., then you are ready to begin using the material in this workbook.For example, you might have determined that the best arrangement is to seat the audience on a rug, that the space in front of the blackboard is the stage, and Monday right after lunch is the best time for storytelling. Doing this establishes the time and space for telling a story and helps make you comfortable when you use it.

Thus far, we have introduced storytelling into the classroom by using four basic elements.

A STORY worth telling
The ROLE of the *inviting* storyteller
A LOCATION for story stage and audience
The best TIME during the school day for a story.

A fifth element that further serves to prepare the class for a story is what I call "fanfare and warmups." For fanfare, you might begin the

story hour with a formal touch. A song or flourish on the piano, a chant or nonsense rhyme, a gong, a bell, or even a lighted candle all are ways to create a sense of wonder and set off the story from the other teaching activities of the day. This workbook includes warmup activities for each of the fifteen original stories. They consist of rhymes, chants, games, and visualizing exercises that are thematically linked to a given story. They can be used by themselves, with other stories, in different combinations, or not at all. All warmups have been used successfully with children in the primary grades. However, they are part of preparing the way for the story and are not a necessary part of your story time. Use them to wake up a sleepy class or quiet a noisy one so that you have the group's attention to begin telling.

The core activity is the storytelling. After all our preparation, it is bound to succeed! Use the eight delivery points listed in Chapter Three. Be sure not to interrupt yourself or to "teach" the story after it is told. When it is the first telling of a story, end it without any comment or followup activity. You might want to close the story time with the same gong, bell, or chant that you used at the beginning. If a candle was lit, now is the time to blow it out. Ask the class to resume their usual classroom seating arrangement and proceed with the next teaching activity *or* recess *or* dismissal—depending on where you have placed your story time in the school day.

Throughout the workbook, I have suggested which stories lend themselves to creative drama. This is an optional followup, but one that I find exceedingly popular in the primary grades. It gives the children a chance to use the story stage, to develop verbal abilities well as self-esteem. Section III describes a process for acting out a story and lists sourcebooks in creative drama for children. But, if you are a beginning storyteller, focus on the telling of the story first. Tell and read as many stories as your class will tolerate. Watch and see where the story "work" for your class will go. Let it develop spontaneously.

All the stories in this workbook are meant to be read or told without accompanying pictures or illustrations. Each child will imagine the story personally and uniquely as you tell it—also in your own unique way. It is a special process and spins its own gold. As you speak the words of the story, you start the wheels of imagination whirling in the minds of your audience. The results will pay off in your students' increased ability to listen to words, to visualize from words, and to understand the logic and sequence of a simple story.

CHAPTER FIVE
HOMESPUN YARN: STORYTELLING IN THE HOME

"Well, Father," he answered, "I am quite ready to learn something; nay, I should very much like to learn how to shudder, for I know nothing about that."
—from "The Youth Who Could Not Shudder," Grimm

The home is the natural environment for storytelling. All of us can remember at least one relative who caught our eye as children and told us a tale, a yarn, even a fish story. I can recall my grandfather telling of his boyhood: how he was an orphan and how his stepmother fed him a bowl of water each day with a rock in it instead of bread! It is true, Grandfather had been an orphan in Germany. But, through the years, he had blended his own story with other German household stories, liberally borrowing wicked stepmothers a la "Hansel and Gretel." We grandchildren, however, listened to him in wide-eyed belief. "Poor Grandfather," we thought. Then he would continue: How he grew up, traveled to America and became a cowboy. "Grandfather, our hero!" We basked in the happy ending and in the presence of our grandfather, who was now safe—with us. I have never been certain about the facts of Grandfather's early life, but I saw his dreams, I touched his fears, and he made me shudder. He shared himself with me through his stories and I have never forgotten.

A story is immediate, stirring. In the home it is a vehicle that bridges the generations; it brings the family into an active group that listens to one another. When a parent or grandparent tells tales (embellished or not) from their childhood to a child, a deep sharing can occur. The oral tradition of passing on important life experiences and life messages among family members is a tender-hearted one. In fact, the sharing of true life stories and family history is so much a natural part of the home, that it hardly seems worth mentioning. However, family life experiences are not always "prime time" listings in the modern home. Statistics show that parents and children spend far less time in conversation than they do watching television, for example.[1] Storytelling is a creative way to re-establish the direct contact between the people in a home. As I see it, three types of stories lend themselves easily to family life.

1. The true life story or family history
2. The original story—a make-believe happening that occurs spontaneously between adult and child
3. The folktale.

1 Winn, Marie. *The Plug-in 'Drug.* Viking, 1979.

THE TRUE LIFE STORY

If you would like to tell a real story to a child in your family—your own child, or a grandchild, niece/nephew, brother/sister, or cousin—here are a few steps to follow.

1. Take a quiet time to find a real life story that is on long-term deposit somewhere in your own memory banks.

2. Close your eyes and pinpoint an age. Tell your mental computer to search all the memory banks from age seven, for example. Give yourself time to sort through random images, then give yourself these directives:

Remember a time when you were seven and you were happy.

Remember a time when you were seven and you were sad.

Remember a time at that age when you were surprised.

Remember a time when you were scared.

Remember a time that was funny.

Remember another time when you were happy and another time when you were sad, surprised, scared.

Now remember an incident from one of those times that you would like to tell as a story.

When you have found the story incident, live through it again and open your eyes.

You may want to replay the story incident more than once. As you do, recollect all the sense impressions vividly. Hear, see, smell, taste, feel all the sights, sounds, objects of your experience. Feel the emotions of that incident once more. Rehearse the dialogue.

3. Frame the story with a clear beginning, middle and end. The beginning could be a simple introductory sentence: "One summer day when I was seven the whole family went out on a ride to visit the farm where Uncle Ed lived." As you build the details of the story, keep in mind the core incident, the one where you fell out of the tree and left your dress hanging on a limb, or whatever the single moment of story climax was that you remembered. Build your plot to the punchline. Be sure to tell how you felt when "whatever it was" happened. Then build down to the ending. How did it all turn out, after all? And did you make any conclusions or discoveries that are still alive for you now on the basis of your experience? If so, sketch them in at the very end. And there you have the very fabric and stuff of homespun, storytelling wisdom.

4. If the story is older than you, part of the family history, then take a quiet time to recollect all the details that you can. In this case, you already have the story in mind; it might be one that your father told you about your great uncle. Close your eyes and remember the time when you first heard the story. Go over it a few times to keep the

details fresh. If possible, you could check with your father for accuracy and even learn more information about the event. When you are satisfied that the story is re-created for you, then you are ready to retell it. Be sure that you frame the family history as you would one of your own—with a suitable beginning, middle and end.

THE ORIGINAL STORY

The original story is one that is sheer fantasy made up on the spur of the moment. It could be told by the adult, by the child, jointly between the two, or as a cooperative tale of the entire family group. When children ask for a story, ask them what kind of story they want—happy, sad or funny, scary, etc. Ask what characters they would like in their story and for a beginning location. All of these story suggestions from the child help you to get started and also give you a clue to just what kind of story the child really wants to hear. Once you have established a story mood, a few central characters, and possibly a location, begin telling your story. Here are a few hints:

Start out with "once upon a time" or "once there was and was not" or some other real story beginning.

Talk about the characters in your story; introduce them, their characteristics, describe their dress.

Let a story "idea" come to you (just like a light bulb going on) as you are describing the characters and location. If an idea doesn't come quickly, ask your child what might happen next.

With the story "idea" in mind, build all the details of the story up to the core incident, then build down to the ending.

Often the story idea might not come to you until the middle of the story—in which case follow your own imagination until you find out where it is going. Let the story develop freely, always being aware that you need to find the most important action and then make up the kind of ending you want.

Turnabout is fair play. It would be interesting from time to time to ask your child to tell *you* a story—one to make you happy or sad or scared. You might discover, as many parents have, that a common character or "secret friend" pops up frequently in a child's stories. Stories can be a safe, symbolic way that children talk to adults about themselves and their lives.

The cooperative original story is an enjoyable, even hilarious pastime. It seems to be a good way to make a long car ride go faster with all the passengers joining in turn. One person begins a story line with "once upon a time" or some such phrase. A single person in the group is in charge of signalling the switch to the next person, often interrupting the first storyteller in mid-sentence. The idea is to

keep the same story line and characters moving along while changing the story events at each switch. There ought to be a signal to end the story as well, so that it doesn't ramble away from the group altogether.

THE FOLKTALE

The use of the folktale in the home is obvious, as the source of the folktale is the home. Perhaps it was a different home life, though, when the old stories lived so vigorously. We might have to imagine a fireplace with a hearth where the children sat to keep warm. We might have to hear a silent room and see adults busy with tasks like mending or carving. We don't have to imagine long before we sense the children getting bored. The time for stories might have come just before bedtime: a golden time of sharing, ending in the safety of bed and dreaming past the stories to sleep.

Whatever time you choose to share the old stories with your children, there is no doubt that they will listen. Find a collection of folktales and read them aloud in whatever setting you think best. Remember the favorites you knew as a child—they will be the most vivid for you. Take the time to learn some of the stories by heart; chances are you will never have your children listen to you so carefully. Of course, your children will find their own favorites and might ask for the same story again and again. This is often to be expected; the old stories deal with and resolve deep emotions. However, a story is really just a story. Let your children have one repeated until they are through with it. Do not ask or talk about the stories in an overly serious manner. The stories have their own truth; they speak for themselves.

Apart from the symbolic content of the folktale and the emotional value that it has for the child, there is also the stretch of the imagination that the child develops by listening to words. The listening skills will build reading readiness and a love of literature. The time spent with authentic folklore and your children is well worth it. We have a unique advantage, too, compared to the home of a century ago. While the adults then could offer only those stories that they knew orally or could make up on the spot, we have access to hundreds of collections of folktales from the world over. Choose three or four of the best collections you can find and use them often. The stories and story lists in the next section of this workbook are as suitable to the home as they are to the classroom. Choose among them what is to your taste. Whatever stories you make your own to tell will live long in the memories of your children.

Section Two

A Selection of Stories

LIST ONE NONSENSE AND REPETITION

All the stories on this list are easy listening. Each has a simple plot, a single story incident that is repeated—usually in sets of threes. The stories introduce the rapid-fire occurrence of the unexpected that is the material for folklore, i.e., the billy goats walk across the bridge and a *troll* is under it, or Joe throws a penny in the air and it spins and bounces away from him. This list is excellent to use with kindergarten and first grade, at the beginning of the school year with any primary grade, with non-English speaking students, and with children who have a difficult time listening.

STORY ONE JOE, WHERE DID YOU GO?

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

PENNY *(quiet voice)*
See a penny, pick it up.
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a penny, let it lie,
You'll need a penny by and by.

These rhymes echo some of the story elements in "Joe, Where Did You Go?" Rhyming is a good way for a class to start listening to words. You can recite the rhymes more than once, by yourself or in unison with the class.

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

FIVE TOES *(humorous voice)*
This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had roast beef;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee,"
All the way home.

WARMUP GAME

BEGINNING PANTOMIME

One child is chosen to come to the front of the class. Ask the child to pretend that he or she is walking along a street or sidewalk. Let the child walk back and forth in front of the class for a while. Then ask the child to pretend that something is lying on the street (floor). Instruct the child as follows: "Without making a sound, pick up the

make-believe something that is lying on your street. Hold it up so that we all can see it (pretend). When I count to three, tell us what it is."

This is a creative visualizing process. The first child can choose a second child to discover a make-believe object; the second can choose a third. After three turns, begin the story.

JOE, WHERE DID YOU GO?

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time there was a little boy called Joe and he had nowhere to go. He was walking across a street one day, looking at his shoes, just walking. And what did he see lying there in the street? Three bright pennies looking back at him. Joe didn't wait, no sir! He picked up those pennies fast as you can wink and put them in his back pocket.

Good old Joe, walking tall, thinking: What should I do with these three pennies? So he stopped. Right there in a doorway with wooden steps he sat down and took the pennies out of his pocket and he looked at his pennies all three. Then he put them on the top step—one, two, three.

Picked up the first one, yelled, "Heads!" and tossed it in the air. It came down heads.

Picked up the second one, yelled, "Tails!" and tossed it in the air. It came down tails.

Picked up the third one, yelled, "Heads!" and tossed it in the air. But that third penny started spinning in the air, spinning and shining bright copper—then it hit the ground and skipped. That penny started to skip down the stairs of the doorway and into the street.

Little Joe, where to go? He scooped those first two pennies in his pocket and started to chase the third penny skipping down the street. Skipping, hopping little penny going down the street, past all the stores, cars and people. And Joe was running, running, watching his penny bouncing, rolling, skipping up in the air just in front of him. He tried to catch it. He tried to grab it, but that penny kept bouncing right out of his hands. At last it rolled and rolled into the grass of a little park and lay still in the green grass. Joe, all tuckered out, threw himself down next to that little penny.

Tired Joe, looking low, staring at that bright penny in the grass. . . he said real slow, "Little penny, don't you go skipping no more!" That

bright penny started sinking into the ground little by little. Sinking deep in the ground 'til it was gone. Joe just kept on looking too tired to walk home yet. And what do you think he saw? Growing out of the ground without a sound a tiny bit of green growing tall. . . shooting up with green leaves and at the very top a flower growing red and pretty. There was the flower, turning into a bright, red rose.

Oh Joe, he picked that rose and ran back home. "Daddy, guess what I've got—a real red rose!"

His daddy looked up and thought that it was the reddest rose he had ever seen. He put it in a glass of water and found a cookie for Joe. "Hey Joe, here you go."

Joe ate that cookie and when it was gone, he ate two more. But from then to now, he never saw a penny spinning up in the air again.

STORY TWO
THE DANCING CAT

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose Rhymes:

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE *(with gusto)*
Hey, diddle, diddle!
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Recite these rhymes twice each, asking the class to join in with you the second time.

PUSSY-CAT AND QUEEN *(two voices)*
"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
Where have you been?"
"I've been to London
To look at the queen."
"Pussy-cat, pussy-cat,
What did you there?"
"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

LITTLE JUMPING JOAN *(quiet voice)*
Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me
I'm all alone.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS

Narrator — Three little kittens
They lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,

Kittens — Oh, Mother dear,
We sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost.

Mother — What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.

Kittens — Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

Mother — No, you shall have no pie.

Narrator — The three little kittens
They found their mittens
And they began to cry,

Kittens — Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here,
Our mittens we have found.

Mother — Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.

Kittens — Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have some pie.

Narrator — The three little kittens
Put on their mittens
And soon ate up the pie;

Kittens — Oh, Mother dear,
We greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled.

Mother — What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!

Narrator — Then they begin to sigh,

Kittens — Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,

Narrator — Then they began to sigh.

Narrator — The three little kittens
They washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;

Kittens — Oh, Mother dear,
Do you not hear?
Our mittens we have washed.

Mother — What! washed your mittens,
Then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.

Kittens — Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,

Kittens and Mother *(whisper)* — We smell a rat close by.

After reciting the "Three Little Kittens" once by yourself and the second time in unison with the class, divide the class into Group A and Group B. Then, you recite the narrator's voice, Group A recites the kittens' part (with your help) and Group B recites the mother's part (with your help). You can use this rhyme with the "three" stories on List One as well, e.g., the three bears, pigs, billy goats.

WARMUP GAME *(silent audience)*

MIRROR

Choose two children to come to the front of the class. Ask them to sit cross-legged on the floor facing each other. For lack of names, let's call them A and B. Ask A to choose an animal he/she would like to be—say a gorilla. Then instruct: "Using only the upper part of your body from the waist up—arms, hands, shoulders, face—look like that animal (gorilla). Good. Hold that position. B, you are the mirror. You are to look exactly like A." Help B with a little side coaching. When A and B are look alikes—the game is over. Now switch. Have B choose to be an animal and hold the position—then A must mirror it. There should be no animal sounds, as this is a pantomime and mirror only.

Note: When side-coaching, use encouraging and specific remarks, such as, "good face," "I like the way you're holding your hands like hooves," or "your fingers look just like ears," or "your arm looks just like an elephant's trunk."

Try this game as long as it holds the attention of the class; once may be enough.

FREEZE

Then, use a FREEZE exercise. Ask the class to wiggle, then you say, "One, two, three, freeze!" in a strong voice. The entire class must freeze into the position they had when you said "Freeze!" After a few seconds or more, say "Unfreeze!" Again, ask them to wiggle, then count to freeze. Unfreeze. Wiggle. Count to freeze. Unfreeze. This is a relaxing exercise and a very quieting one, oddly enough. You might ask the entire class to freeze into a gorilla or whatever one of the animals A or B chose in the mirror game. After a number of freezes, begin the story.

THE DANCING CAT

CATHARINE HORNE

Jane, home in the rain, couldn't go to school. Her Momma had left her home, all alone. What could she do? She walked in the kitchen, nobody there. She looked in the living room, still and bare. Then she went into her Momma's room and sat down by the mirror. And there she saw herself.

Quiet Jane looked in the mirror and thought she would make herself look like a circus clown. So she picked up the powder puff. She put powder on her cheeks and powder on her nose. Then she picked up the lipstick that was oh, so red and drew a big red circle on each of her cheeks. After that, she painted a small red circle on the tip of her nose. And with a brush and some dark blue eye shadow, she made a dusty blue circle right in the middle of her forehead. She looked in the mirror and smiled to herself.

She looked and she saw a bottle of perfume next to the mirror. Jane pushed the top of the bottle and it smelled like flowers were growing right in the room. She closed her eyes and smelled. She thought of flowers all around, red and blue and yellow. When she opened her eyes she couldn't believe what she saw—a black cat was in the mirror staring back at her with big green eyes!

"Oh, pretty kitty," said Jane the clown. "Here, kitty, kitty." That black cat walked right out of the mirror and jumped to the floor. It ran in a circle and did a little dance up on its legs and down on the floor. Think of that, a dancing cat! Well, Jane liked to dance, too! She ran to the living room and turned on the radio loud! She played loud, fast music. She danced fast and the cat danced faster. That cat could twirl in a circle and prance when it danced.

But Jane, she got so tired she couldn't dance any more. She picked up the cat and went through the door to her Momma's room. She put the cat on the dresser in front of the mirror, but the kitty wouldn't go through it. Jane and the kitty lay down on her Momma's bed and took a nap. There they slept 'til her Momma came home.

When her Momma walked in, the cat that danced wasn't there anymore. Where could it be? Did it dance out the door? Now if you see a black cat with big green eyes, it might be that cat. If it is, you'll be surprised. Clap your hands twice and say out loud:

Kitty, Kitty, jump in the air
Jump down,
and dance right there!

STORY THREE
THE OLD WOMAN

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

Recite these rhymes at least twice each. All of these also tie in with the Johnny-cake story, Story Four in this list.

DAVY DUMPLING *(quick tempo, crisp voice, throughout)*
Davy Davy Dumpling,
Boil him in the pot;
Sugar him and butter him,
And eat him while he's hot.

BAT, BAT
Bat, Bat
Come under my hat
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake
I'll give you a cake
If I am not mistaken.

PANCAKE DAY
Great A, little a,
This is pancake day;
Toss the ball high,
Throw the ball low,
Those that come after
May sing heigh-ho!

HANDY PANDY
Handy Pandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop!

Recite these rhymes at least twice each. All of these tie in with the Johnny-cake story that also appears on List One.

PAT-A-CAKE
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
Baker's man!
So I do master,
As fast as I can.
Pat it, prick it,
And mark it with T.
Put it in the oven
For Tommy and me.

WARMUP GAME
HAND CLAPPING

Ask two children to come to the front of the class who know how to do "pat-a-cake." Ask the class to recite the "Pat-a-cake" rhyme in a whisper so that they can hear the slap of the hands. After a couple of teams have done the pat-a-cake, ask the class if anyone

knows another rhyme for clapping, such as "Shimmy, shimmy coke-a-pop." Ask them to teach it to the class and then ask the class to whisper it out loud while the team of two (or sometimes four) clap out the rhythm. When the rhyme is over, ask the audience to applaud the team.

Before telling this story, you might want to briefly describe a tortilla, *if necessary.*

THE OLD WOMAN

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time, *mis mijitos y mis mijitas,* an old woman was standing by her stove. It was hot and she was singing to herself a soft little song that was so soft that only a mouse could hear it, "La, la, la. . ." Singing low, the old woman picked up a handful of ground corn meal from the table. She made it wet with some water and began to pat it and pat it into a big tortilla. Pat, pat, pat, make it flat. With soft little slaps she made the tortilla grow round and flat and laid it on the griddle to cook. Sizzle, sizzle, the tortilla was hot on the griddle, cooking! Sizzle, sizzle, it wiggled on the hot griddle and turned round and round—and round and round so fast that it was spinning. It spun—¡*arriba*!—straight up into the air and landed splat! on the floor, flat.

The old woman shook her finger at that tortilla, "No, no, no, *muy cabezuda,* very bad tortilla! Back you go on the griddle."

And she placed it on the griddle to cook. Then she picked up some more wet cornmeal and slap, slap, pat, slap, made it flat and then two tortillas lay on the *comal,* cooking.

"La, la, la," the old woman sang her song so soft, but before she knew it, two tortillas turned round fast, spun up in the air and splat! on the floor.

"No, no, no! Very, very bad tortillas!" She picked them up and threw them both on the griddle as quick as she could. Without a word, she picked up more wet cornmeal, and pat, slap, pat, pat, slap, another tortilla round and flat she put on the *comal.* Now three tortillas lay on the griddle, cooking.

"La, la, la," she sang so soft. And the tortillas turned round fast and spun up in the air. They bumped into each other, fell down on their edges and rolled out the door.

The three tortillas went rolling out the door, down the stairs, and across the yard until splash! they fell into the river by the house. There the fish ate them, all three, gulp and gone.

"La, la, la . . ." sang the old woman and she picked up more cornmeal and pat, pat, slap, made it flat. That tortilla she laid in the pan and that tortilla didn't go anywhere. It cooked round and brown

and delicious. The old woman picked it up and spread it with butter. She rolled it up tight between her fingers and took a bite.

"Oh!" she swallowed, ¡*Que sabrosa*! Delicious, good tortilla." And she sang so soft, "La, la, la . . ."

STORY FOUR
JOHNNY-CAKE

ENGLAND

The motif of the runaway pancake or cookie is a frequent one in nursery stories. You can imagine a mother making it up as she was cooking or kneading the bread dough. The Jacobs' version presents Johnny-cake as a real personality with just the sort of spunk that leads to being gulped. This story is excellent for audience participation. After the children know the story, they can repeat Johnny-cake's lines out loud with you.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.
Johnny-cake. Illustrated by Emma L. Brock. Putnam, 1933.
Journey Cake Ho! Retold by Ruth Sawyer. Illustrated by Robert McCloskey. Viking, 1953.

STORY FIVE
THE SWEET PORRIDGE

GERMANY

This story is an example of magic that gets out of control. The magic order is given—the pot begins to make porridge—but no one knows how to stop it. It is the little girl who saves the day! She knows the magic words and stops the wonderful pot from filling every house in the village full of porridge. This is an excellent story for developing visualizing skills.

SOURCES

More Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1947.
Strega Nona. Retold and illustrated by Thomas De Paola. Prentice-Hall, 1975. (An Italian version of the same tale type.)

STORY SIX
THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

NORWAY

One of the famous "three" stories—along with the bears and pigs. This one, however, is Scandinavian so, enter the troll! The tale is popular with groups up to fifth grade, is easy to learn and a good chance to use different voices. Be sure to use a version that ends:
"Snip, snap, snout,
This tale's told out."

When the children are familiar with the story, it is easy for them to adapt it to a creative drama—a play without a script.

SOURCES

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. English translation of Asbjornsen and Moe by G.W. Dasent. Dover, 1970.
The Three Billy Goats Gruff. From the translation of G.W. Dasent. Illustrated by Marcia Brown. Harcourt, Brace and World, 1957.

STORY SEVEN
STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

ENGLAND

Many, many versions of this tale exist, but my favorite is still by Joseph Jacobs—with the old woman as the intruder instead of Goldilocks. The three bears are made different by size rather than sex in this version, so that the "Middle-sized bear" is not necessarily the Mama Bear. The earlier source of this story pictured the old woman as a fox, part of the European Reynard the Fox cycle. The English version of this, called "Scrapefoot," is told by Jacobs in *More English Fairy Tales*.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

AN ENGLISH FOLKTALE RETOLD BY JOSEPH JACOBS

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own, in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear; and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge, a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear; and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee bear; and a middle-sized bed for the Middle Bear; and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while their porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths, by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were

walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman, for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the keyhole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that anybody would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door, and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said bad words about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that, and that was neither too hot, nor too cold, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up; but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard, nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair came out, and down she came, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that, too.

Then the little old Woman went upstairs into the bedchamber in which the three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge, Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head, nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear, standing in his porridge.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff, voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his, he saw the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

"Somebody has been at my porridge!" said the Middle Bear in his middle voice.

Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge pot, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that someone had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair. "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has sat the bottom out of it!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went upstairs into their bedchamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear, out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!" said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed!" said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there

was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!" said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great, Huge Bear, but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind, or the rumbling of thunder. And then she heard the middle voice, of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard someone speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp, and so shrill, that it awakened her at once. Up she started and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bedchamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall; or ran into the wood and was lost there; or found her way out of the wood, and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I cannot tell. But the Three Bears never saw anything more of her.

STORY EIGHT
STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

ENGLAND

The little pigs in this story are quite curious because they have hair "on their chinny chin-chins." This makes us suspect that they might originally have been goats. Whatever the source, they live long in our memories just as they are. The famous three-of-a-kind motif is repeated in the number of pigs and the number of times that the wolf attempts to trick the third pig. Time and numbers are important in the second half of the story with the pig always leaving one hour before the appointed time for the wolf to arrive. Since the trick is repeated, a young audience will catch on by the third time.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam. 1898.

The Three Little Pigs in verse. Author unknown. Illustrated by William Pene Du Bois. Viking, 1962.

The Three Little Pigs. Illustrated by William Stobbs. McGraw, 1965.

STORY NINE
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

EUROPE

This tale, a familiar one in present day culture, bears repeating. I prefer the Grimm (German) version to the Perrault (French) tale. The Grimm version continues the tale after the wolf has swallowed both the grandmother and girl to have the huntsman cut open the wolf's stomach so that the two victims emerge, weak but well. There is often a moral at the end of the tale, which I generally omit.

SOURCES

Perrault's Complete Fairy Tales. Translated from the French by A.E. Johnson. Dodd, Mead, 1961.

Little Red Riding Hood. A Grimm brother's version. Illustrated by Harriet Pincus. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968.

Little Red Riding Hood. From the Grimm retold in verse by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Atheneum, 1972.

STORY TEN
TIME TO SLEEP

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

Recite at least twice; once alone and once with the class.

(quiet, gentle voice)
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

BED
Go to bed first,
A golden purse;
Go to bed second,
A golden pheasant;
Go to bed third,
A golden bird.

Hush-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

Recite or sing the following folksong:

HUSH LITTLE BABY
A Folk Lullaby

Hush, little baby, don't say a word
Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird.

If that mockingbird don't sing
Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

If that diamond ring turns brass,
Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass.

If that looking glass gets broke,
Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat.

If that billy goat won't pull,
Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull.

If that cart and bull turn over,
Papa's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

If that dog named Rover don't bark,
Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart.

If that horse and cart fall down,
You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town.

WARMUP GAME
SEVEN-UP

Choose seven children to stand in front of the class and make one of the seven the captain. The captain asks everyone in class to close their eyes and put their heads down, cover their faces, etc. The captain then chooses one of the seven to be the Sandman. The Sandman touches three children who must (pretend to) fall asleep, start snoring, etc. These sleeping children MUST STAY ASLEEP UNTIL THEY HEAR THE ALARM CLOCK SOUND that only the captain can make. The Sandman returns to the front of the room and says, "Everyone who did not get tapped by the Sandman can now open their eyes." That leaves the "sleeping" children still sleeping. After a few more moments, the captain makes the alarm clock sound and the sleeping children wake up. Each of these three gets one guess to see who was the Sandman. If one of the three guesses correctly, that child goes up to be one of the seven and the Sandman sits down. Continue the game for a few turns, then ask the last Sandman to put everyone to sleep—tap each child. When the captain makes the alarm clock sound, everyone wakes up at once and the captain tells who the Sandman was. All the children return to the audience. When everyone is settled, begin the story "Time to Sleep."

TIME TO SLEEP

CATHARINE HORNE

One night, Momma and Daddy heard some giggling in the bedroom. Sue and her little brother, Harold, were still awake. Momma opened the door wide and looked in. Sue had just hit Harold over the head with a pillow.

"Well," said Momma, "I can see that the Sandman hasn't been here yet."

"The Sandman?" said Sue and Harold, laughing. "We haven't seen a Sandman!"

"Nobody ever *sees* the Sandman," said Momma. "When the Sandman comes, he sprinkles sand in your eyes so you can't see him. The sand makes you close your eyes and go to sleep."

"You mean nobody *ever* saw the Sandman?" asked little Harold.

"Nobody," said Momma, "but just the same, I think he's coming by soon and you two are going to be sound asleep. You'll see." Momma winked at them both and closed the door. In the dark room, Sue looked at her little brother, Harold, and little Harold looked at her with great, big eyes.

"Is that Sandyman coming here tonight?" asked Harold, and he sounded a little bit afraid.

"If Momma said he is, then he is," said Sue. "Now just lie down and let's wait for him to come."

Sue and Harold lay very quiet in their beds, looking up at the ceiling while waiting for a chance to see the Sandman. Sue didn't want to talk anymore, but she made a wish to herself, under her breath, and crossed her fingers.

"I wish I may, I wish I might
see the Sandman here tonight."

She didn't have to wait long. First she saw a big hand right by her face; it was sandy-colored and it threw some sand in her eyes. But Sue still had her fingers crossed and she kept her eyes wide open and shouted out loud, "Sandman, don't you go away 'til I see you!" Sue looked back round the room at her little brother's bed; he was already sound asleep. Then, in the far corner, she saw a light.

"Who, who is it?" she said.

A big, deep, sleepy voice answered, "Oh, I'm (yawn) the Sandman. You wanted to see me?"

"Oh, yes, oh yes!" said Sue, "But where are you? All I can see is your light, Sandman."

"Oh, (yawn) yeah. I'm almost always invisible, only wait. You wanted to see me, so I'll show you (yawn). . . just for a minute. Now watch."

Sue just stared at that little glowing light in the corner of her room and it started to get bigger and bigger, as big as her Daddy and then even bigger! The Sandman was the color of golden sand and he

glowed all over. He was wearing sandals and something like a swimsuit and he looked strong with flashing bright eyes. His hair was all curly and dark and he was smiling a big smile as he waved goodbye. Just as he turned, Sue saw on his back a bag as big as a pillow filled with golden sand. Fading away, the Sandman was gone and Sue, she was sound asleep and smiling.

Shh! Sandman's coming
to you tonight.
Sand's in your eyes
so close them tight.
And dream away
until it's light.
Shh! Sandman's coming
to you tonight.

STORY ELEVEN
THE TV GENIE

FANFARE

Recite this longer Mother Goose by yourself; it is spell-binding. Don't break its spell—move on to the next rhyme.

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

(Slowly, with a soft, lyrical voice)

THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN
There were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard men say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, Nay,
The third said it was a house
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, Nay,
The third said it was a cheese
With half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hedge hog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedge hog.
The second he said, Nay,
The third said it was a pin cushion
With the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

There were three jovial huntsmen,
As I have heard men say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. David's day.

These two rhymes can be recited by yourself, then in unison with the class. They reflect two story elements in the "TV Genie," though they certainly have an identity of their own.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN
The Lion and the Unicorn were
fighting for the crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all
around the town.
Some gave them white bread,
and some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake, and
sent them out of town.

SNOW
Snow, snow faster,
Ally-ally-blaster;
The old woman's plucking her geese,
Selling the feathers a penny a piece.

WARMUP GAME
MOTHER GOOSE BOOK

My story, "The TV Genie," uses a television set as its central image, so I would like to introduce a game that is done with a book. Equal time is only fair. I have used this game over and over again in all the primary grades. It is fascinating to me that children love to play it and usually moan when it is time to stop. All you need to play this game is a large volume of Mother Goose.

I suggest *The Mother Goose Treasury*, illustrated by Raymond Briggs, Coward, McCann, 1966. The versions of the folk rhymes in this collection are those of Iona and Peter Opie, the foremost authorities on Mother Goose. Other collections, such as *The Real Mother Goose* or *Brian Wildsmith's Mother Goose*, are also suitable. In fact, if you have more than one large book, it makes the game a little more interesting.

Place the Mother Goose book(s) on a table or on the floor in front of your class. Choose a child to come to the front of the class and pick a book if you have more than one on display. Ask the child to close his or her eyes and open the book to a random page. Ask the child to point to one rhyme on the set of two pages saying, "Which one do you want?" When the child has picked out the rhyme, say, "Thank you" or "That's a great one!" or some positive remark. The child then sits down.

Now take the book in your hands, and read the rhyme out loud to the class. Then say, "Now, all together!" and repeat it in unison.

Choose another child for a turn at the Mother Goose book(s). Continue for a number of turns. Then close the book(s), put them aside, and tell the story "The TV Genie." Remember that this is a story about television becoming alive *and* unreal. At the end of the story, Jacob receives the nurturing he wants from the adults in his own home—essentially, because he demands it.

THE TV GENIE

CATHARINE HORNE

One night, not so very long ago, a boy named Jacob was watching television all by himself at home. It was a big old black and white set. His Momma and Daddy were in the kitchen talking with some friends. And what was he watching? A prize fight! Two boxers were in the ring fighting each other—poking and jabbing—right cross, left hook, punch! Down on the floor and saved by the bell! Then it happened. One boxer pushed the other boxer—smash! against the ropes and he fell all over those ropes and one rope broke! It went flying through the air and flew right through the screen of Jacob's TV set. One end of that rope was on the living room floor right in front of Jacob.

Jacob looked at the rope, then he looked at the screen. Those two boxers were standing there looking right at him, like they were saying, "Well, throw it back!" Jacob swallowed hard and reached out for the rope, but he never got a chance to grab it 'cause it reached out and grabbed him and wrapped itself tight around his wrist. Next thing he knew, Jacob was flying right up into the air through the TV screen. It seemed like it was snowing all over. Jacob was flying through millions and trillions of white little jumping dots. Way down through the dots, he saw the boxing ring with those two boxers looking up at him waving and smiling like they were saying

hello to Jacob.

Then Jacob couldn't see them anymore but he kept on sailing through dots and dots that jumped up and down in front of his eyes. The dots bounced around and hurt his eyes so he had to blink. Finally, he landed on a whole cloud of dots. The rope let loose of him and trailed away. Now on top of the cloud was a giant man made of white, black and gray jumping dots. He was about eight feet tall and that giant seemed to wave back and forth like smoke. All of a sudden, Jacob got mad. He wanted to know what was going on.

"Who are you?" he shouted at that smoke-dotted giant. "What are you doing with me?"

That giant opened his mouth and little dots came out of it. He said, "I am the TV Genie and I can do anything! You can have three wishes from me!"

Jacob looked at that TV Genie with his white turban and black eyes and giant body waving back and forth, and he got even madder and started to shake.

"I want to go home!" he yelled and presto! he was sitting on the living room floor in front of the TV watching a prize fight.

"I want my Momma!" he cried and presto! his Momma was right next to him on the floor watching the prize fight.

"I want a hug!" he cried again and presto! his Momma gave him a big hug and put him to bed. That was the end of Jacob's three wishes and he never saw the TV Genie again.

STORY TWELVE
TEENY-TINY

ENGLAND

This story takes repetition to an ultimate absurd. The phrase, "teeny-tiny," is repeated scores of times and can be told with great effect. It is a ghost story, so the teeny-tinys can be used to build to a creepy, scary climax, timorously. Try the ghost's voice several times to control its getting louder and louder.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.
Teeny-Tiny; an old English ghost tale. Retold and illustrated by Barbara Seuling. Viking, 1976.

STORY THIRTEEN
THE GREAT BIG TURNIP

EURASIA

FOLKTALE RETOLD BY CATHARINE HORNE BASED ON THE VERSION BY ALEXEI TOLSTOY

Once upon a time there was a very old man and a very old woman; everyone called them Grandfather and Grandmother. They lived in the woods in a small, small house and grew vegetables in their garden. The vegetables they pulled up when they got ripe and cooked them in a pot to eat. Now one day, without telling the old woman, the old Grandfather planted a little turnip in the garden. But Grandmother saw him plant it from the window of the small house. She made sure to water the turnip every day. So, both of them watered it and both of them talked to it, each in their own way.

Grandfather said, "Grow sweet and good."

Grandmother said, "Grow strong, grow big."

The turnip did grow. It grew bigger and bigger; it grew sweet and delicious; it grew strong and enormous. The leaves from the turnip plant grew out of the ground as tall as a little tree. Grandfather looked at the turnip one day and shouted, "My turnip is wonderful!"

Grandmother heard him and came outside, shaking her finger, "Your turnip? I have watered it all this time! It is also my turnip."

"But who do you think planted the turnip?" said Grandfather. "It is my turnip!" And they argued back and forth.

All the time the turnip grew more and more enormous. Then one morning Grandmother woke up very early. "I will pull the turnip myself before the naughty geese eat it!" she said. She walked into the garden and, bending over, took ahold of the turnip stalk close to the ground. She pulled and pulled until she was so out of breath she couldn't pull anymore. But the turnip *did not move*. The next day, Grandfather went into the garden to pull the turnip; he wanted to surprise Grandmother.

"It is so big," he thought. "The neighbor's little goat might eat it." He pulled and pulled until he almost fell over backward. But the turnip *did not move*.

Grandfather called for Grandmother to help. "We will pull *our* turnip together," he said. Grandmother smiled to herself and stood behind Grandfather with her arms around his waist. "One, two, three, pull!" called Grandfather. So Grandmother pulled Grandfather and Grandfather pulled the turnip. And they pulled and they pulled until they could not pull anymore. But the turnip *did not move*.

Grandfather wiped the sweat from his face, "Let's call our granddaughter, Joy, to help."

Joy came running from the house and pulled behind Grandmother who pulled behind Grandfather who pulled at the turnip.

Then they all puffed and pulled and pulled and puffed, but the turnip *did not move*.

"Joy, get the dog, Sam, to help!" said Grandmother. Joy ran back to the house and found Sam the dog sleeping near the stove. She woke him up and he followed her slowly to the garden. He stood behind Joy and grabbed her belt in his teeth. Then Grandfather gave the signal to pull. Sam pulled Joy, Joy pulled Grandmother, Grandmother pulled Grandfather and Grandfather pulled the turnip. They pulled and they pulled until they were so worn out they couldn't pull anymore. The dog growled and Joy felt dizzy. But the turnip *did not move*.

"Call the cat to help," yelled Grandfather. Joy called the cat who was going to pull behind the dog who was behind Joy who was in back of Grandmother who was behind Grandfather who was holding the turnip stalk.

"Now this time *everybody* pull!" said Grandfather and he looked crossly at Sam the dog. Everyone took a deep breath as Grandfather counted to three and then they began to pull. They pulled so hard that Grandfather groaned.

As they were all pulling, hard and strong, a little she-mouse came by. She thought it would be fun to pull the cat's tail while the cat was pulling the dog. She crept quietly up to the cat's tail, took it in her small little paws and pulled. Just at that very moment, there was a c-c-r-a-c-k in the ground and the turnip came up with a pop! throwing everyone backward into the garden.

The little she-mouse scampered away, saying to herself, "Oh no! Look what I did!"

But Grandfather soon got up from the ground and so did Grandmother, the granddaughter, and the dog. The cat ran off, chasing the mouse. Grandfather took hold of the turnip and dragged it to the house. It was the biggest and most wonderful turnip in all the world.

STORY FOURTEEN
THE CAT AND THE PARROT

INDIA

This is an amusing tale about a cat who eats everything he meets—for a while. The cumulative and repetitive tale structure makes it easy to learn and to understand. Young children find it hilarious.

SOURCES

The Lost Half-Hour. Collection of tales edited by Eulalie S. Ross. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1963.
How to Tell Stories to Children. Stories collected and editorial remarks by Sara Cone Bryant. Houghton Mifflin, 1905. (Recently reprinted.)
Slip! Slop! Gobble! Retold by Jeane Hardendorff and based on the Bryant version. Lippincott, 1970.
The Fat Cat; a Danish folktale retold and illustrated by Jack Kent. Parents' Magazine Press, 1971. (A Danish version of the same tale motif.)

LIST TWO

NEW DIMENSIONS

Along with the unexpected twists and turns of a story, the stories in this list travel into new dimensions. The up and the down, the in and the out of things are introduced. Objects stretch past belief, like "The Mitten;" people travel below the earth, like "The Funny Little Woman" or up into the sky as in "The Seven Ravens" or "Merry-go-round-go-round." The magical and tiny world of elfdom and fairies appears in "The Elves and the Shoemaker" and in "My Own Self." All of these differing dimensions ask an implicit question: What is and what isn't? The tale, "Master of All Masters," plays with the idea that things might be what we call them—and they might not. "The Blind Men and the Elephant" points out that we all see a part of what is and what isn't. We can gain more information from knowing the part someone else sees. Knowledge is, after all, multi-dimensional.

These stories can be used at any primary level, possibly as the next step past List One. This list prepares the listener for the greater complications in story plot that are found in the adventure, trickster tale, or quest. They are other-dimensional and stretch the mind and imagination.

STORY ONE
THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

MOTHER GOOSE

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house:

The cat bit the mouse's tail off. "Pray, puss, give me my tail." "No," says the cat, "I'll not give you your tail, till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow, and so began,—

"Pray, cow, give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk, till you go to the farmer, and get me some hay."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer,
and so began,—

"Pray, farmer, give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"No, says the farmer, I'll give you no hay, till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher,
and so began,—

"Pray, butcher, give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again." "No," says the butcher, "I'll give you no meat, till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leapt, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker,
and so began,—

"Pray, baker, give me bread, that I may give butcher bread, that butcher may give me meat, that I may give farmer meat, that farmer may give me me hay, that I may give cow hay, that cow may give me milk, that I may give cat milk, that cat may give me my own tail again."

"Yes," says the baker, "I'll give
you some bread. But if you eat my
meal, I'll cut off your head."

Then the baker gave mouse bread, and the mouse gave butcher bread, and butcher gave mouse meat, and mouse gave farmer meat, and farmer gave mouse hay, and mouse gave cow hay, and cow gave mouse milk, and mouse gave cat milk, and cat gave mouse her own tail again!

And so she leapt, and so she ran,
For the mouse had her own tail again.

STORY TWO
LA PINATA

FANFARE

Sing the song "Happy Birthday" together with the class either to someone you know who has recently had a birthday or to Jose, the boy in the story.

Sing the next variation that goes:
"Happy *Un*birthday to us."

Sing:
If you're happy and you know it,
clap your hands (clap, clap).

If you're happy and you know it,
clap your hands (clap, clap).
If you're happy and you know it,
then the whole wide world will know it,
If you're happy and you know it,
clap your hands (clap, clap).

Other verses may include all kinds of actions, such as:
stamp your feet
touch your toes
wiggle your ears
cross your legs
pinch your nose
wiggle your eyebrows

WARMUP GAME
ANIMAL PANTOMIME

(silent audience)
Choose a child to come in front of the class who wants to pantomime an animal that the class will try to guess. When you choose the child, ask her or him to whisper to you which animal will be acted out. While the child pantomimes the animal—say, a horse—do some side-coaching if necessary. Do not let the audience begin guessing until the child who is acting stands up and says, "Go!" Then she or he calls on the class members who guess the animal. The one who guesses correctly has the next turn.

Continue the game for five turns; then you will have five different pantomimed animals. Ask the five children who acted them out to stand in a circle in front of the class. Now ask them to pretend again to be the animal that they had just pantomimed. Tell them that you will count to three. At the count of three, change animals by shifting one to the right in the circle so that the dog becomes the rabbit; the rabbit becomes the mouse, the mouse becomes the cat. Keep shifting around the circle until the first child is back to his or her original animal. When this part of the game is ended, ask all five children to bow to the applause of the audience.

When the class is settled, tell the story, *"La Pinata."*

LA PINATA

CATHARINE HORNE

Oh Jose, each day brings your birthday a little closer! But Jose could not wait for his birthday. After school he went into the kitchen closet and looked inside it again, for the hundredth time. It was dark in there, but he could still see it. There in a corner of the closet lay the biggest *pinata* that Jose had ever seen and it was waiting there too, for his birthday.

Jose knew everything about the *pinata* in the closet; he had been looking at it every day. He knew that it was a paper donkey covered with blue, yellow, and orange crepe paper with pink ears and a green tail. And he knew that inside the *pinata* were candy in wrappers, toys and money. Jose sat on the floor next to the donkey *pinata* and sighed.

"Oh, three more days," he counted on his fingers, "*uno, dos, tres*. My birthday is never going to come."

Jose patted the fat donkey's belly, then he shook him by holding onto his legs. Oh! Was he heavy with his stuffing! At last Jose could not wait any longer. Right into the paper donkey's belly, Jose poked his finger. Rip! He could feel candy and something sharp through the hole with his fingertip, but he couldn't grab it. So, with his other hand, Jose punched the belly of the donkey and made a big hole. He could grab a lot of different things inside with that hand, but he couldn't see them and he couldn't get them out. So, with the first hand he grabbed the edge of the hole and rip! he tore it wide open. Just then Jose heard the front door close and his mother walked into the kitchen.

"Jose, Jose, are you home?" she called.

Oh, no, what was he to do? Jose crawled inside the donkey *pinata* and hid. There was just enough room for him, the candy, and the toys. There he lay, hardly breathing, thinking that no one would see him if they looked in the closet—then a little mouse came by.

"What a nice place for a nap," said the mouse. "And all that candy for nibbling. May I come in?" the mouse asked Jose.

"Shh. Be quiet." Jose answered from inside the donkey *pinata*.

"Well, then, I'll just help myself," said the mouse. He crawled inside the *pinata* and started to eat.

All went well for a while. Jose's mother was in the kitchen cooking dinner, singing to herself. But then five other mice crawled into the *pinata*. Before long, they were nibbling and rustling and making so much noise that Jose's mother heard it.

"What's that sound in the closet?" she said out loud.

"Quiet down," whispered Jose to the mice.

When Jose's mother opened the door to look inside the closet, she didn't see anything, but she didn't close the door all the way. And

that was how the cat got in.

"Meow! What is this? A *pinata* filled with mice and Jose? I think I'll get inside too."

Well, that started something. The cat chased the mice and the mice ran around inside all over Jose. Jose hit the cat and the cat scratched Jose. The mice tickled Jose running all over him with their little feet until he started shaking and C-R-R-ACK! the *pinata* burst open into bits and pieces of colored paper.

Now the mother had just left the house, looking for Jose. So the cat chased the mice out into the yard and Jose ran out looking for his mama, all scratched and crying.

After that, Jose just waited for his birthdays to come when they did, once a year. And when his birthday came, Jose waited for his turn to hit the *pinata* with the big stick to see if he would be the lucky one to break it all the way open—from the outside and not from the inside.

STORY THREE
THE MITTEN

UKRAINE

This tale is yet another variant of the *cumulative tale type*—that is, one that increases by successive additions. In this case, a mitten is dropped in the snow on the coldest day of the winter. It looks like a place to keep warm—to a small mouse. She soon finds, however, that many other forest animals have the same idea. The plot builds and builds and stretches as one after another of the animals push their way into the mitten. It is a hilarious story that asks your audience to stretch their imaginations along with the mitten. The cumulative tale repeats all the story details with each successive addition (usually). This makes an excellent story structure for beginning listeners, children with a short attention span, and non-English speaking children.

SOURCE

The Mitten. Retold and illustrated by Alvin Tresselt. Adapted from the version by E. Rachev. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1964.

STORY FOUR
FUNNY LITTLE WOMAN

JAPAN

An old woman chases her rice dumpling through a crack in her floor down to the underworld. Her innocent giggling gives her away to the wicked oni who imprisons her. But if giggling got her in trouble, it is loud laughter that makes her escape certain. This is an enjoyable story to tell—the laughter is infectious. The closest comparison that came to mind is *Alice in Wonderland,* but the "old woman" is obviously a simpler character than Alice, who seems to me to be a sheer genius of a child.

SOURCES

The Funny Little Woman. Retold by Arlene Mosel and illustrated by Blair Lent. Dutton, 1972.
The Boy Who Drew Cats and Other Tales. Collected and retold by Lafcadio Hearn. Macmillan, 1963. Story title: "The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumplings."

STORY FIVE
THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN LITTLE KIDS

GERMANY

This tale, collected by the Grimm brothers, reflects the story motifs of Little Red Riding Hood: the wicked wolf, being eaten alive, emerging "whole" from the experience, and the death of the wolf. All of these elements are satisfying emotional food to a young audience. If you are squeamish about the details of this story, don't be. Take a deep breath and tell the story with gusto. Everything in it turns out well.

SOURCES

More Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1947.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on the Frances Jenkins Olcott edition of the English translation by Margaret Hunt. Follett, 1968.
The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids. Translation from Oxford University Press. Illustrated by Felix Hoffman. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1962.

STORY SIX
THE SEVEN RAVENS

GERMANY

I enjoy telling this story immediately on the heels of "The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids." It repeats the number seven in an obvious way and lightens the grisly aspects of the first story. In both stories it is the youngest child who saves the rest. The girl in "The Seven Ravens" travels to the end of the world to find her brothers. *She* is the one who rescues the boys from enchantment. She bravely goes from sun to moon to stars and unflinchingly cuts off her little finger to gain entry into the Glass Mountain. Her discovery of her brothers' rooms with a dinner table laid out for seven is a motif repeated in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." In this tale it is the "ring of recognition" that breaks the magic spell.

SOURCES

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on the Olcott edition of the English translation of Margaret Hunt. Follett, 1968.
The Seven Ravens. Translated by Oxford University Press. Illustrated by Felix Hoffman. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1962.

STORY SEVEN
TOOTH FAIRY ON THE LOOSE

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

Recite each rhyme twice.

RIDDLE *(with gusto)*
Thirty white horses
Upon a red hill;
Now they tramp,
Now they champ,
Now they stand still. (answer: teeth)

STAR LIGHT *(quiet voice)*
Star light, star bright,
First star I see tonight,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.

GOOSE FEATHERS *(quiet voice)*
Cackle, cackle, Mother Goose
Have you any feathers loose?

Truly have I, pretty fellow,
Half enough to fill a pillow.
Here are the quills, take one or two,
And down to make a bed for you.

WARMUP GAME

TOOTH STORY

Choose a child to come in front of the class and tell a story about a time when he or she lost a tooth. Describe how the tooth fell out and what the child did with the tooth. Ask whether the tooth fairy left any money for it. Every child in your class has a tooth story. Choose three sets of two children each. Each set would be student A and B. When you count to three, all three sets begin together: Student A tells student B his or her tooth story. When you say stop, Student B then comes in front of class and tells A's tooth story to the group. There will be three tooth stories—one from each set. Applaud each set for their cooperative storytelling. When the class is settled, tell the story, "Tooth Fairy on the Loose."

TOOTH FAIRY ON THE LOOSE

CATHARINE HORNE

Wiggle, wiggle, a loose tooth. Can't pull it, can't push it, and *please* don't bite with it. What good is a loose tooth?

Rickie poked his finger at his front tooth and pushed it way back into his mouth until he felt a littie sick. Ugh! That tooth was so wiggly that it started to bleed when he pushed it. Rickie covered his mouth with his hand and started to run home. He didn't even wait for the other children after school. He just wanted to be by himself with his sore old tooth!

Clatter, clatter went his lunch box as he ran down the street. It sounded just like his tooth—loose. Ouch! Rickie ran into the kitchen to get a cold drink of water; that felt better, but not good enough. He went looking for his Daddy. Rickie found him outside washing his car.

"Hey, Daddy, my front tooth is going to come out!" he yelled.

Daddy looked up from his car with a big grin. "Is that so? Let's take a look." He turned off the hose and knelt down to get a good look a Rickie's tooth.

"Right here, see?" Rickie said, and wiggled his tooth back and forth.

"That tooth is sure ready to fall out. Try not to think about it, and just when you don't expect it, it'll come out—all by itself."

A little later that day, when Rickie was watching TV, he forgot and ate a handful of peanuts all at once and pop! his front tooth fell out. He almost swallowed it!

"Daddy, Daddy!" Rickie ran into the kitchen. "My tooth just fell out!"

"See what I told you?" said Daddy. "Now let's clean that tooth up all shiny and get it ready for the tooth fairy."

"Aw, Daddy, do you really think there's a tooth fairy?"

"Well," said Daddy, "there's no telling, but we'll put it under your pillow just in case and by morning we'll know for sure. Anyway, there's nothing to lose because you already lost your tooth, right?"

"Right!" said Rickie.

That night when Rickie went to bed and was almost asleep, he felt something moving under his pillow. He threw himself on top of the pillow and trapped whatever it was underneath.

"Let me out!" cried a tiny voice from under the pillow.

Rickie didn't know whether he wanted to let that thing out or not; he never had seen a fairy before. So he just pressed down on the pillow even harder.

"If you don't let me out, I'm going to come out myself!" said the tiny voice.

Rickie didn't move a muscle; he was too scared. But he whispered, "Go ahead then."

Next thing he knew the pillow started to glow with a bright blue light. The light grew brighter and brighter until there was a bang! like an explosion. And there in front of him all dressed in blue and white was the tooth fairy! She was laughing at him with a laugh that sounded like bells ringing.

"Are you afraid of me?" she said in a little voice. "I'm only two inches tall."

"Yeah, but you can jump right out of pillows and you've got a blue light all around you," said Rickie.

"How else could I see where I'm going?" laughed the little fairy. "And if I couldn't get out from under a pillow, I'd never get anywhere. That's my job."

"My tooth! Where's my tooth?" asked Rickie all of a sudden.

"Oh, now don't you bother looking for your tooth. I've already sent it to the land of smiles. That's where we make new smiles for people

who have lost their own. And now for you, I will give you something to make you smile."

She pointed her wand at his pillow:

Wiggle, wiggle
Waggle, waggle while!
You may have lost a tooth
But you didn't lose a smile!

A little flash of blue and silver light hit his pillow and the tooth fairy was gone. Rickie lifted his pillow, and in the dark he still saw a silver light shining that slowly turned into a silver coin. And that made him smile.

STORY EIGHT
THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

GERMANY

This appealing story about the magical appearance of the elves leaves us feeling we are not alone in this world. There is always someone to lend a helping hand—whose kindness should not go unrewarded. We all own an "elf" side and it's nice to let it be discovered sometimes. The tone of this tale is quiet mystery, so it can be told as if it is a secret you are sharing.

SOURCES

More Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1947.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on the Olcott edition of the English translation by Margaret Hunt. Follet, 1968.
The Elves and the Shoemaker. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Scribner's, 1960.

STORY NINE
MY OWN SELF

ENGLAND

The immediate source of this story is North Sunderland, England, and it can be traced as a tale type throughout England and Europe. In fact, Ulysses used the same "name trick" that is the word play of this story in the *Odyssey*—in the episode with the cyclops, Polyphemus, a giant. The opponent in "My Own Self" is quite the opposite in size, though almost as frightening. The language of the Jacobs' version is rich in imagery as well as suspense. You can almost tell it as a ghost story, using the scream towards the end for a spine-tingling effect. But, it is, of course, an elf story.

MY OWN SELF

RETOLD BY JOSEPH JACOBS

In a tiny house in the North Countrie, far away from any town or village, there lived not long ago a poor widow all alone with her little son, a six-year-old boy.

The house-door opened straight on to the hillside and all 'round about were moorlands and huge stones, and swampy hollows; never a house nor a sign of life wherever you might look, for their nearest neighbors were the "ferlies" in the glen below, and the "will-o-the-wisps" in the long grass along the pathside.

And many a tale she could tell of the "good folk" calling to each other in the oak trees, and the twinkling lights hopping on to the very window sill, on dark nights; but in spite of the loneliness, she lived on from year to year in the little house, perhaps because she was never asked to pay any rent for it.

But she did not care to sit up late, when the fire burnt low and no one knew what might be about; so, when they had had their supper she would make up a good fire and go off to bed so that if anything terrible did happen, she could always hide her head under the bedclothes.

This, however, was far too early to please her little son; so when she called him to bed, he would go on playing beside the fire, as if he did not hear her.

He had always been bad to do with since the day he was born, and his mother did not often care to cross him. Indeed, the more she tried to make him obey her, the less heed he paid to anything she said; it usually ended up by him taking his own way.

But one night, just at the fore-end of winter, the widow could not make up her mind to go off to bed and leave him playing by the fireside; for the wind was tugging at the door and rattling the windowpanes, and well she knew that on such a night, fairies and such like were bound to be out and about and bent on mischief. So she tried to coax the boy into going at once to bed:

"The safest bed to bide in, such a night as this!" she said: but no, he wouldn't.

Then she threatened to "give him the stick," but it was no use.

The more she begged and scolded, the more he shook his head; and when at last she lost patience and cried that the fairies would surely come and fetch him away, he only laughed and said he wished they WOULD, for he would like one to play with.

At that his mother burst into tears and went off to bed in despair, certain that after such words something dreadful would happen; while her naughty little son sat on his stool by the fire, not at all put out by her crying.

But he had not long been sitting there alone, when he heard a fluttering sound near him in the chimney, and presently down by his side dropped the tiniest wee girl you could think of; she was not a span high, and had hair like spun silver, eyes as green as grass, and cheeks as red as June roses.

The little boy looked at her with surprise. "Oh!" said he, "what do they call ye?"

"My own self," she said in a shrill but sweet little voice, and she looked at him too. "And what do they call ye?"

"Just my own self too!" he answered cautiously; and with that they began to play together.

She certainly showed him some fine games. She made animals out of the ashes that looked and moved like life; and trees with green leaves waving over tiny houses, with men and women an inch high in them, who, when she breathed on them, fell to walking and talking quite properly.

But the fire was getting low and the light dim. Presently, the little boy stirred the coals with a stick to make them blaze, when out jumped a red-hot cinder, and where should it fall but on the fairy-child's tiny foot.

Thereupon she set up such a squeal that the boy dropped the stick and clapped his hands to his ears; but it grew to so shrill a screech that it was like all the wind in the world whistling through one tiny keyhole.

There was a sound in the chimney again, but this time the little boy did not wait to see what it was, but bolted off to bed, where he hid under the blankets and listened in fear and trembling to what went on.

A voice came from the chimney speaking sharply: "Who's there, and what's wrong?" it said.

"It's my own self," sobbed the fairy-child, "and my foot's burnt sore O-o-h!"

"Who did it?" asked the voice angrily. This time it sounded nearer, and the boy, peeping out from under the clothes, could see a white face looking out from the chimney opening.

"Just my own self too!" said the fairy-child again.

"Then if ye did it your own self," cried the elf-mother shrilly, "what's the use o' making all this fuss about it?"—and with that she stretched out a long, thin arm and caught the creature by its ear and shaking it roughly, pulled it after her, out of sight up the chimney.

The little boy lay awake a long time, listening, in case the fairy-mother should come back after all; and next evening after supper, his mother was surprised to find that he was willing to go to bed whenever she liked.

"He's taking a turn for the better at last!" she said to herself; but he was thinking just then that, when the next fairy came to play with him, he might not get off quite so easily as he had done this time.

STORY TEN
MERRY-GO-ROUND-GO-ROUND

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

SALLY *(quiet voice)*
Sally go round the sun,
Sally go round the moon,
Sally go round the chimney-pots
On a Saturday afternoon.

Recite twice.

THE FLYING PIG *(robust)*
Dickory, dickory, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickory, dickory, dare.

AN OLD WOMAN *(quiet)*
There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Recite once.

(faraway voices)
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I
Where are you going to up so high?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
May I go with you? Aye, by-and-by.

RED STOCKINGS
Red stockings, blue stockings,
Shoes tied up with silver;
A red rosette upon my breast
And a gold ring on my finger.

WARMUP GAME

Recite this rhyme with the entire class so that they all know it fairly well—maybe twice together:

RING-A-RING O' ROSES

A ring, a ring o' roses,
A pocket full of posies,
  Ash-a! Ash-a!
All stand still.

The king has sent his daughter
To fetch a pail of water,
  Ash-a! Ash-a!
All bow down.

The bird upon the steeple
Sits high above the people,
  Ash-a! Ash-a!
All kneel down.

The wedding bells are ringing,
The boys and girls are singing,
  Ash-a! Ash-a!
All fall down.

Choose four children to come to the front of the class. The class recites the rhyme while the four children do the actions to match each verse. Holding hands, they walk in a circle to the rhyme until they stop to stand, bow, kneel or fall. At the end, these four take a bow.
Tell the story, "Merry-go-round-go-round."

MERRY-GO-ROUND-GO-ROUND

CATHARINE HORNE

One day at recess, a number of children got on the merry-go-round that you pump with your feet. It was an old-fashioned merry-go-round and each child pumped up and down on the metal bar under the seat. The faster they all pumped, the faster that merry-go-round went round and round.

Now on this day there were eight boys and girls on it, and before they knew it they were going round faster than that merry-go-round ever went round. Then their heads started to get dizzy inside and all the thoughts inside their heads started to bump into each other 'til they didn't know what to think! They started to hear music coming out of that merry-go-round, singing and sighing like the wind whispering in their ears. They saw colors all running together into a stream like flags flying, blue and green and red and pink and yellow. They could feel a drum beating inside that merry-go-round to the pumping of their feet—POW, POW, POW—and when that beat started pumping with their feet, that merry-go-round suddenly lifted off the ground and went flying up, up into the air. Then they stopped pumping because all eight children looked down and saw the playground below with everybody looking up at them.

Oh! They were flying high and turning round in the air! Now there was no music, no beat, only the quiet, still air to feel in your hair! Clouds to sail in. Every child looked at the other with bright smiling eyes that knew how to fly. By and by in the high blue sky they flew higher, brighter into the warm sunlight of the day—winging.

Without a sound, that merry-go-round turned round and down to meet the ground. Then every one of them held on tight in the flight down and low to the playground far, far below. Hello! They saw the faces still looking up at them. Swooping down they found the sandy ground of the merry-go-round and ever so gently landed, landed down.

Then everyone came running for a turn at the old-fashioned merry-go-round. But loud and clear the school bell rang to end that recess with a clang. Into the school everybody went.

After that, the merry-go-round only went round and round—but no one ever forgot when it flew up and down.

STORY ELEVEN
THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

GERMANY

A bit of whimsy about a few everyday objects, this tale is a short *pour quoi* type. That is, it seeks to explain—in its own logic—how things got to be the way they are. In the case of this story, one discovers why all beans have a black seam down their middle. It is an admittedly outrageous explanation, you will find. But it might lead to some creative writing or storytelling on the children's part about some other common object or fact that needs a bit of illogical explaining, e.g., "why the sky is blue" or "where the sun goes at night" or "why a rooster has a comb," etc.

SOURCE

More Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1947.

STORY TWELVE
THE FAT OLD ELEPHANT AND THE CROSS OLD RHINOCEROS

WEST AFRICA

REPRINTED FROM "THE FOLKTALES OF A SAVAGE," © 1930, BY LOBAGOLA, BY PERMISSION OF ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

Two brothers of the village quarreled so much that the Head Man of the village spoke to them and told them to hold their peace. At the fire that night the old Story-teller looked first at one brother and then at the other and said: "I shall tell the story of the elephant who fought with the rhino."

The Head Man of the village smiled and motioned to the Story-teller to speak.

The Elephant and the Rhino are cousins, but they do not often speak with each other. The Elephant knows that he is wiser than the Rhino, and the Rhino hates the Elephant because of the Elephant's wisdom. When they meet, they quarrel.

One day a fat old Elephant met a cross old Rhino. The Rhino cannot see well, and he would not have known that anyone was coming if the little Bird that is his friend had not told him. "Your cousin the Elephant is coming," said the Bird, and she flew up into the air to see what else she could see.

The Elephant laughed and said: "Why don't you see things for yourself? Here you are, a great big fellow, and yet you have to have a small Bird tell you when someone is coming."

"There you are," answered the Rhino, "so foolish that Men can catch you just by digging deep holes and covering them with bamboo. You walk right into the holes and get caught. You need small Birds yourself."

"I at least obey the Lion, who is King of the Beasts of the Bush and of the Plain," said the Elephant.

"Why should I obey anyone?" answered the Rhino. "I do as I please. I have no king. I am my own king."

"You eat thorns," said the Elephant, "and that is why you have such a bad temper."

"You are afraid of small running creatures," answered the Rhino. "You jump when you see a small Lizard."

"You are so bad-tempered that you have no friends. You have to eat by yourself," said the Elephant.

"You go around with three or four hundred other big lazy Elephants. You are afraid to go alone," answered the Rhino.

"You have small eyes like a Wart-Hog, but the Wart-Hog can see better than you can," said the Elephant.

"You have big ears that look like the peeled-off bark of an old tree," said the Rhino.

"You have a great hook on your nose that gives you a most hateful look," said the Elephant.

"You have a great long nose that you poke into everyone else's affairs," answered the Rhino.

So they went on quarreling, hour after hour. The more they said, the more angry they became. At last the Rhino was ready to put his head down and to charge at the Elephant and try to kill him.

Just then a Wild Buffalo walked along and asked: "What is the matter? Why are you two cousins quarreling?"

Then the Elephant complained that the Rhino would not obey the Lion as King of the Beasts of the Bush and of the Plain, and that he lived by himself and did as he pleased and said hateful words to everyone. The Rhino complained that the Elephant was proud, that he thought himself better than anyone else, and that he went around with three or four hundred brothers and sisters of his and broke down trees and frightened everything in the bush.

The Wild Buffalo said to the Rhino: "What were you going to do when I came along?"

"I was going to charge against the Elephant and teach him a lesson," answered the Rhino. "With this strong horn of mine I should soon teach that fat, lazy Elephant how to behave."

"Don't you know that you cannot teach him how to behave if you behave badly yourself?" asked the Wild Buffalo. "And don't you know," he said to the Elephant, "that you cannot make the Rhino better by saying hateful words to him?"

Then the Wild Buffalo said to both of them: "Don't you know that you two are cousins? You belong to one family, and yet you quarrel and were about to fight to the death. Is that fitting? Surely, it is best for those of one family to help each other, or at least to let each other alone; but it is not best for those of one family to fight each other."

STORY THIRTEEN
MASTER OF ALL MASTERS

ENGLAND

This story is a classic and hilarious play of words. Though brief, the story is difficult to tell. It is a mind stretcher and might be one of the best listening exercises on this list. It deals with *names* of things and the process of *naming*. The question it raises: Is everything what you say it is?

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.
Master of all Masters. Illustrated by Marcia Sewall. Bostom, Little, Brown, 1972.

STORY FOURTEEN
THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT

INDIA

A TALE OF ANCIENT INDIA RETOLD BY CATHARINE HORNE

Once, many long years ago, in the country of India, there lived six men who were blind. Because they were curious and asked many questions, people would often tell them of sights in the countryside. And year after year, people came to read aloud to them from the old books. So it was that the six blind men became very learned and had much knowledge among them.

As they became older, they wished to learn more. One day, one of the six blind men said to the others, "I want to find out what an elephant is." Now it is very true that they had heard stories about the elephants, and of an elephant god, and of wondrous qualities that elephants had, but still they did not know exactly what an elephant was.

"Let us go to the palace garden. I have heard that elephants live there," said another one of the six.

The following day they set out, one behind the other, each with his hand on the shoulder of the one in front of him. The leader, the shortest one of all, walked slowly through the streets, his cane feeling for the road, and shouted out, "Which way to the palace of the Rajah?"

Everyone helped them to find the way, leading them in one direction and another, until they came at last to the gate of the palace garden. At the gate was a man who knew the six blind men. And when the six expressed their single desire to know what an elephant was, he told the Rajah. The Rajah, happy to be of help, ordered the biggest elephant he owned to be brought into the center courtyard of the palace garden. The six men also were led into the courtyard, still walking one behind the other with the shortest in front. They were told that the elephant was now standing directly in front of them. At that, the men separated from one another and walked forward with their arms outstretched, eager to know, once and for all, what an elephant was like. The first one walked a few steps and reached out toward the ground. After all, he was the shortest. He felt the leg of the elephant. It was sturdy and round like the trunk of a tree.

"Oh," the first blind man thought to himself, "the elephant is tall and wide like a tree!"

The next man walked off at an angle and somehow reached out and caught the elephant's tail.

"Aha," he thought, "the elephant is long and narrow. He is like a rope."

The third man walked straight ahead and felt the side of the elephant with his hands.

"How smooth and flat and large. The elephant is like a wall."

The fourth man walked toward the head of the elephant without knowing it and his hands found the tusk.

"Oh, it is sharp and long! The elephant is like a spear."

The fifth man had walked close to the fourth and reached out to feel the large ear of the elephant.

"Ah, how wide and thin. So, the elephant is like a fan."

Then the sixth man who had also walked to that end of the elephant reached out and touched its trunk.

"How round and smooth and long. The elephant is exactly like a snake." And he tugged on the trunk and felt it wiggle, and knew that it was alive.

All six men were very pleased and they sat down together on the grass of the garden. After a moment of rest and quiet thinking, they began to talk to each other about the elephant.

"An elephant is like a rope," said one.

"No, it is like a tree!" exclaimed another blind man.

"No, it is like a broad wall," said another.

"No, it is a wide fan!" shouted another blind one.

"How can you say that? I felt it. It was hard and sharp like a spear!" cried the last.

They disputed among themselves and shook their fists in the air. All the while the elephant stood silently in the courtyard, swinging his long trunk back and forth. At last, the Rajah heard the shouting and left the palace himself to discover the cause of such a noisy disturbance. He found the six men debating in the garden, then stood quietly under a nearby tree to listen. Soon he understood why the men were arguing so angrily and he stepped forward.

"Ah! Be silent," ordered the Rajah. "You are arguing because you are all six right and all six wrong. The elephant is very large, an immense animal, and you each have felt only one small part of him." Saying that, the Rajah returned to the palace.

The blind men then understood. "The Rajah is right," they said, "if the elephant is so big, each one of us knows only a part." They talked more and more of what they knew about the elephant. And between all six of them, they began to see all the parts as one animal.

The six blind men left the courtyard. The first one, who was the shortest, led the way with the cane. Then each man followed, one behind the other with his hand on the shoulder of the one in front. They walked home, knowing they had learned from one another what an elephant truly is.

LIST THREE
TIGHT SPOTS

The first part of the list presents stories with a number of child heroes; children with spunk, courage, and humor who see their way through difficulty. There are many solutions to finding a way through the problems, but each tale finds one that works. In the "Old Witch," generosity saves the day; in "Anita Bonita," courage and vitality; in "Lazy Jack," it is a combination of sincerity and stupidity; and in "Hansel and Gretel," it is a trick!

In the second part of the list, beginning with "A Story, a Story," we meet the trickster in the form of a spider and then the rabbit. The trickster is a physically weak character—similar to a child—who wins his way through a challenge by using his wit. In the tale of spider and the wax man, "Why Spiders Live in Dark Corners," the trickster is tricked, by his wife! The last four tales show the cross-cultural, international influence that occurs in the oral tradition of storytelling, since there is an interplay of motifs throughout all four.

The list ought to be used with a class of children who are beginning to read on their own or who can follow the details of a somewhat mature confrontation with adversity. With this list, the characters and plots take on a degree of sophistication in human interaction.

STORY ONE
THE RED ROLLER SKATES

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose Rhymes:

A LITTLE GIRL *(sprightly voices)*
When I was a little girl,
About seven years old,
I hadn't got a petticoat,
To keep me from the cold.

So I went into Darlington,
That pretty little town,
And there I bought a petticoat,
A cloak, and a gown.

I went into the woods
And built me a kirk,
And all the birds of the air,
They helped me to work.

Explain "kirk" as an older English word for church

The hawk, with his long claws,
Pulled down the stone;
The dove with her rough bill,
Brought them home.

The parrot was the clergyman,
The peacock was the clerk,
The bullfinch played the organ,
And we made merry work.

THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE

This is the way the ladies ride,
Nim, nim, nim, nim.
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trim, Trim, Trim, Trim.
This is the way the farmers ride,
A-gallop, a-gallop, a-gallop, a-gallop.
This is the way the ploughboys ride,
Hobble-dy-gee, hobble-dy-gee.

Recite these rhymes twice each.

WARMUP GAME

A version of "Blind Man's Bluff."
Recite the following rhyme twice:

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

Blind man, blind man,
Sure you can't see?
Turn round three times,
And try to catch me.
Turn east, turn west,
Catch as you can,
Did you think you'd caught me?
Blind, blind man!

Choose one child to be blindfolded. After child A is blindfolded with face-to-wall, silently choose four other children to stand like statues around the front of the room (in the stage area). They cannot move but stand frozen in position. Next, lead the blindfolded child to the middle of the group and turn A around until A is dizzy, then let A walk alone. When A touches a statue, he or she becomes frozen as well. Then A has one chance to guess who the statue is. If A does not guess the identity of the statue (B), then B spins A around again. If A does guess the statue's name, the A wins and can choose the next one to be it. Play this game twice, then tell the story, "The Red Roller Skates."

THE RED ROLLER SKATES

CATHARINE HORNE

One day Tracy's Momma gave her some money to take to the park and Tracy knew just what she was going to do with it. She wanted to rent some roller skates. Now these roller skates weren't the kind that you clamped onto your own shoes with a roller skate key, these were the kind of roller skate shoes that laced all the way up your leg.

Tracy saw her friends down at the park and she called out, "I'm going skating!" Tracy ran to the truck parked on the street and picked out a pair of red leather skate shoes just her size with big rubber wheels on them that looked like skateboard wheels. She gave the man her money and traded him her own shoes, which the man carefully put away in a shoe box until Tracy would roll back with the roller skates.

"All right," said the roller skate man, "you have these skates for an hour. Have a good time."

The first thing Tracy did when she started to skate was fall down. Right in front of all her friends. She stood up, shaking a little on her skates, and tried again—push, push, push; the skates rolled and rolled, down the street and into the park. Push, push, push, the red leather skate shoes flashed down the paths in the park, past the trees, and rose bushes, past the duck pond where the ducks swam back and forth. Then Tracy wanted to stop. She wanted to look at the ducks and to watch the children sailing their toy sailboats on the water. But she couldn't. She stopped pushing; she tried to fall down, but the skates wouldn't let her. They wouldn't let her fall down; they wouldn't let her stop. They kept on rolling, rolling past the duck pond, down the paths of the park, through the trees and bushes and out into the street on the other side of the park.

Tracy held her breath; she closed her eyes, but nothing mattered to those skates. They knew what to do; they stopped at the red lights; they went at the green lights and never ran into anything. When Tracy opened her eyes she found herself in a part of town she had never seen before. The houses were old and falling down; the stores were little and dark inside and the people wore raggedy clothes. No one even looked at her as the red skates rolled right down the street and into a little store that was smaller and darker than all the rest. At last, the skates stopped inside the store.

"Whew!" said Tracy out loud. "I thought I would never stop." She looked at the clock in the store and saw that only ten minutes had passed since she had rented the skates. Then she froze. On top of the clock perched a black bird. Tracy didn't even have time to think about the black bird before an old woman spoke up.

"Hello, girl," she said in a crackled voice, "what brings you to my store?"

Tracy would have jumped or run out of the store, but those skates wouldn't let her; they kept her standing straight up like she was rooted to the floor.

"What's the matter, little girl, cat got your tongue?" And that old lady laughed under her breath. Then she made a clicking sound with her tongue and the black bird flew across the room and landed on the back of that old woman's chair and looked at Tracy with his little eyes. "Raven, raven from the clock, what can we do with this girl with the big brown eyes and the red skates who just came in the door?"

"Give her the ring to make her spin and never let her come in again," croaked the raven.

"Ohhh, raven, but she is wearing the magic skates. Come, we'll give her a treat for coming in."

"Well, well, if you say." The raven flew through the store 'til he found a small seed. "Here, girl, make it grow. And now go!"

Tracy took the seed in her hand. The skates turned round quick and raced back down the street, red light, green light, down the paths in the park, through the trees and bushes and up to the duck pond and there they stopped so suddenly that the seed flew out of Tracy's hand and into the pond. And there it stayed. From then on Tracy just skated in the park, back and forth and where she wanted. The magic was gone. She skated 'til her hour was up, traded the skates for her shoes and walked home.

Tracy soon forgot about the magic skates, but one day when she looked in the duck pond she thought she saw the seed glowing like a pinpoint of golden light under the water. But she would never be sure.

STORY TWO
MR. MIACCA

ENGLAND

Mr. Miacca, a folk creation, can be a frightening apparition who punishes bad children—even eats them. He also can appear as a Father Christmas who leaves gifts for good children. Of course, he is a figment of the adult mind, which has created a "cautionary tale" much like "Little Red Riding Hood." You might want to reassure your audience about Tommy's leg at the end—though often the children ask, sometimes they do not.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.
Mr. Miacca. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1967.

STORY THREE
LAZY JACK

ENGLAND

A cumulative tale of delicious humor that, in fact, contains the "cure by laughing" remedy common in folktales. All of us can identify with Jack who can't quite get things right. This story is an easy one to tell if you don't get the days of the week mixed up. Ha! I usually keep my hands behind my back and count the days on my fingers—which makes me almost as smart as Jack.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.
Lazy Jack. Illustrated by Barry Wilkinson. World, 1970.

STORY FOUR
ANITA BONITA

FANFARE

Begin with Mother Goose rhymes:

THE WITCH'S SONG *(spooky, deep, voice)*
I went to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?

Recite three times with your class like an incantation.

ANNA MARIA
Anna Maria she sat on the fire;

The fire was too hot, she sat on the pot;
The pot was too round, she sat on the ground;
The ground was too flat, she sat on the cat;
The cat ran away with Maria on her back.

Use "Anna Maria" as a chant exercise with your class—a type of choral reading. Say the rhyme a few times until everyone knows it. Then do a series of four with it: first time, whispering and slow; second time, raise volume and quicken tempo; same for third time. The fourth time you should raise your voices to almost a shout and a very fast tempo. The last line ought to have an urgent feeling to it. Use your hands to direct the speed and volume—similar to a choir director.

WARMUP GAME

Ask children to close their eyes and listen attentively to these instructions in complete silence.

LISTENING EXERCISE

Listen to all the sounds outside of the room. (give ample time)

Listen to all the sounds inside the room. (pause)

Listen to all the sounds inside your own body. (pause)

(optional) Listen to all the sounds inside your head—all your own thoughts. Hear your own mind's voice. (pause)

Open your eyes.

Children then share what sounds they heard. See if someone heard a sound that no one else noticed.

SOUND ORCHESTRA

Divide the class into three sections: A, B and C.

A is to make a sound from nature:
rain, wind, thunder, etc.
B is to make a sound of an animal:
tiger, dog, rooster, etc.
C is to make the sound of an emotion:
laughter, crying, gasping, etc.

Choose one child to be the director. You might have a director's stick for this game. Rehearse each section. Ask director to lead the orchestra, having the group respond to his or her cue of stop, start, louder, softer. To play this game, the sections MUST respond instantly to the cue. The section that follows the director most skillfully wins the game and the other sections applaud them.

Give the cue for silence and tell the story, "Anita Bonita." If you can find a pair of castanets, they would make excellent props for the story. You could display them or play them (at least a few clicks) while you tell the tale of Anita's adventure with hers.

STORY FOUR
ANITA BONITA

CATHARINE HORNE

There was once a girl named Anita who was so good-natured that everyone called her "Anita Bonita." And as for her, she had a smile for everyone. One day her aunt gave her a pair of bright red castanets for dancing. The castanets were made of hard wood and when Anita wrapped the cords around her thumbs and clacked the red wooden pieces together, they looked like bright firebirds flashing in her hands. Anita took her castanets with her everywhere she went; sometimes she carried them in her hands and sometimes tied them to her belt. Whenever and wherever Anita walked, their soft clack, clack, clack went with her.

Not long after, Anita's mother asked her to go to the bakery in the neighborhood to buy some *pan dulce* and take it to her aunt, her *tia*, because it was her birthday.

"Yes, Mama." Anita took the money, a cloth bag, and her castanets, turned around once in a circle and, clack, clack, was off, skipping to the bakery, the *panaderia*.

Soon Anita had bought a bagful of wonderful pastries, sweet and flaky. Some were twisted, some flat, some had sugar, some cheese and all of them hot from the oven. She hugged the bag tight so she wouldn't drop it and clack, clack, skip, hop, off to her *tia*'s. "How surprised her aunt would be to see her coming!" she thought. Anita wanted to see her *tia*'s smiling face so much that, without thinking, she took a shortcut through a dark alley.

Clack, clack, clack, she ran through the alley, holding her sweet-smelling bag with both arms when something big jumped in front of her and she stopped. When she grew used to the dark, Anita saw that it was a monster gray dog, growling low and showing his rows of teeth. Anita did not dare to move.

"What is in your bag that smells so tasty?" growled the dog.

"*Pan dulce*, pastry sweets," answered Anita, and she held the bag even closer to her.

"And where are you taking them?" asked the dog, who seemed to grow bigger.

"They are for my *tia*; it is her birthday," answered Anita.

"And what is making that clacking noise when you walk?"

"Oh, oh, my castanets for dancing," whispered Anita, who was becoming very frightened.

"For dancing?" roared the monster dog. "Then you must dance for me."

Anita, shaking in her shoes, put down her bag and picked up the castanets, fastening the cords around each thumb. She began to dance in the dark alley to the clacking rhythm—twirling, stepping, round and about. Anita moved her hands back and forth in the dance, snapping and clicking the wooden pieces of the castanets together with her fingers. Suddenly, the red castanets began to glow like fire in her hands in the dark alley, round and round, up and down. They were flares of red light, shining. The monster dog, watching the lights, became very dizzy and then sleepy. Soon his eyes closed and he began to snore—loud!

Anita saw what had happened and closed her hands around the wooden castanets—quietly. She picked up her bag in her arms without a sound and started walking silently down the alley. But halfway down the alley, Anita forgot to hold her fingers tightly on her castanets and clack! clack! the dog woke up and in a leap was again in front of her, growling.

"And where are you going? You must dance for me again!" Anita, shaking, put her bag by a wall and began to dance, clack, clack, with her castanets. In a minute, the wood flared into a fiery red and the castanets glowed so brightly that the dog stared at them—his tongue hanging out of his mouth. Back and forth the fiery castanets swayed, clacking, snapping, round and about. They were like fireballs, bouncing. Dizzy with watching, the dog lay down, closed his eyes and began to snore—loud!

This time, Anita closed her fingers ever so tightly around her glowing castanets. She waited while they grew dim and dark in her hands. Leaning down, she picked up her bag in her arms and tiptoed so, so quietly out of the dark alley and into the street. Anita kept walking, kept walking quickly down the street—far away from the alley. Clack, clack! She snapped her castanets together.

"Oh, my bright and shining castanets! You are like two angels." And she kissed them both. Smack, smack!

Anita skipped and hopped to her *tia's* house where she gave her the *pan dulce* and a big smile and danced happily ever after.

STORY FIVE
HANSEL AND GRETEL

GERMANY

Hansel and Gretel are among the many "lost children" who wander through folklore. Abandonment is a universal survival fear, it seems. I like this tale because of the shared experience of brother and sister. Sometimes one saves the day, sometimes the other. Hansel collects the pebbles to find their way home the first time and comforts Gretel the second time as they wander lost in the forest. In the witch's cottage, however, Gretel assumes the active role—does the heavy work and then actually tricks and pushes the witch into the oven! There is a balance; neither one is in competition. Mutual courage and cooperation are all part of Hansel and Gretel—two child heroes who have captured the imagination for centuries.

SOURCES

Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1936.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on Olcott edition of the English translation of Margaret Hunt. Follett, 1968.
Hansel and Gretel. Illustrated by Arnold Lobel. Delacorte Press, 1971.

STORY SIX
RUMPLESTILTSKIN

GERMANY

The pathetic plight of the miller's daughter in having to spin gold from straw is the start of this well-known tale and a sometimes familiar pit-in-the-stomach feeling. But being presented with an impossible task is a proper job for a hero or heroine—and this young woman is equal to her task. Her victory over the magical imp by *naming* him represents the power of clarity. She knows who he is and, in his discovery, the imp is confounded. This is always a popular tale: It has hero proportions and a guessing-game ending.

SOURCES

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on the Olcott edition of the English translation of Margaret Hunt. Follett, 1968.
Rumplestiltskin. Illustrated by Jacqueline Ayer. Harcourt, Brace & World, 1967.
Rumplestiltskin. Retold by Edith Tarcov. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Four Winds Press, 1973.
Tom Tit Tot; an English Folk Tale. Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Scribner's, 1965 (An English version).

STORY SEVEN
THE OLD WITCH

ENGLAND

This is an example of a common motif—that of two sisters, one good-hearted, the other stingy and selfish. The ethical message is perfectly clear in all such tale types: The good sister is rewarded, the selfish one punished. I enjoy this particular story because the first girl strikes out independently and leaves to find work on her own. Mind you, the "work" is to go into "service" as a maid. But in the context of this folktale, that is possibly the one choice she had. You might point out that nowadays young women can find many different ways to be of "service," but the idea of going out to seek your own way is the important one. I have found that classes request this story over and over—boys as well as girls. I think that the repetition and rhyme is captivating. Because of these story elements, it is an easy tale to learn and tell.

SOURCE

More English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1904.

STORY EIGHT
A STORY, A STORY

WEST AFRICA

An African story that tells how stories began, the picture-book version of this myth that is listed as source, has not only won the Caldecott Medal for its illustrations, but is also available on cassette, record and filmstrip. It is a perfect introduction to the spiderman, Anansi, and to "Spider Stories" as well as the trickster figure in tales. The recording is an example of a splendid interpretation of the tale—though, of course, the only way for you to tell it is your own way.

SOURCE

A Story, a Story. Retold by Gail Haley. Atheneum, 1970.

STORY NINE
WHY SPIDERS LIVE IN DARK CORNERS

WEST AFRICA

An uproariously funny West African story, this one is found in a collection of other spider stories, all of them enjoyable. It repeats the Tar Baby motif with a wax man in the garden.

SOURCE

Adventures of Spider. Collected and retold by Joyce Arkhurst. Little, Brown, 1964.

STORY TEN
THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY

AFRO-AMERICAN

RETOLD BY CATHARINE HORNE AND BASED ON THE VERSION BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

One day Brer Fox thought of a way to lay some bait for Brer Rabbit. He went to work and got some tar and mixed it with some turpentine and he fixed up a contraption that he called a Tar-Baby. When he finished making her, he put a straw hat on her head and sat the little thing in the middle of the road. Brer Fox, he lay off in the bushes to see what would happen. Well, he didn't have to wait long either, 'cause by and by Brer Rabbit came pacing down the road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—just as sassy as a jaybird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit came prancing along until he saw the Tar-Baby and then he sat back on his hind legs like he was astonished. The Tar-Baby just sat there, she did, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Good morning!" says Brer Rabbit, says he. "Nice weather we're having this morning," says he.

Tar-Baby didn't say a word, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"How are you feeling this morning?" says Brer Rabbit, says he.

Brer Fox, he winked his eye real slow and lay low and the Tar-Baby didn't say a thing.

"What is the matter with you then? Are you deaf?" says Brer Rabbit, says he. "Cause if you are, I can holler louder," says he.

The Tar-Baby stayed still and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"You're stuck up, that's what's wrong with you. You think you're too good to talk to me," says Brer Rabbit, says he. "And I'm going to cure you, that's what I'm going to do," says he.

Brer Fox started to chuckle in his stomach, he did, but Tar-Baby didn't say a word.

"I'm going to teach you how to talk to respectable folks if it's my last act," says Brer Rabbit, says he. "If you don't take off that hat and say howdy, I'm going to bust you wide open," says he.

Tar-Baby stayed still and Brer Fox, he lay low.

Brer Rabbit kept on asking her why she wouldn't talk and the Tar-Baby kept on saying nothing until Brer Rabbit finally drew back his fist, he did, and *blip*—he hit the Tar-Baby on the jaw. But his fist stuck and he couldn't pull it loose. The tar held him. But Tar-Baby, she stayed still, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"If you don't let me loose, I'm going to hit you again," says Brer Rabbit, says he, and with that he drew back his other fist and

blap—he hit the Tar-Baby with the other hand and that one stuck fast too.

Tar-Baby she stayed still, and Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Turn me loose, before I kick the natural stuffing out of you," says Brer Rabbit, says he, but the Tar-Baby just sat there. She just held on and then Brer Rabbit jumped her with both his feet. Brer Fox, he lay low. Then Brer Rabbit yelled out that if that Tar-Baby didn't turn him loose, he was going to butt her crank-sided. Then he butted her and his head got stuck. Brer Fox walked out from behind the bushes and strolled over to Brer Rabbit, looking as innocent as a mockingbird.

"Howdy, Brer Rabbit," says Brer Fox, says he. "You look sort of stuck up this morning," says he. And he rolled on the ground and laughed and laughed until he couldn't laugh any more.

By and by he said, "Well, I expect I got you this time, Brer Rabbit," says he. "Maybe I don't but I expect I do. You've been around here sassing after me a mighty long time, but now it's the end. You've been cutting up your capers and bouncing around here until you've come to believe that you are the boss of the whole gang. And then you're always getting into something that's none of your business," says Brer Fox, says he. "Who asked you to come and strike up a conversation with this Tar-Baby? And who stuck you up the way you are? Nobody in the round world. You just jammed yourself on top of that Tar-Baby without waiting for an invitation," says Brer Fox, says he. "There you are and there you'll stay until I fix up a brushpile and fire it up, 'cause I'm going to barbecue you today, for sure," says Brer Fox, says he

Then Brer Rabbit started talking mighty humble.

"I don't care what you do with me, Brer Fox," says he, "just so you don't fling me in that briar patch. Roast me, Brer Fox," says he, "but don't fling me in that briar patch."

"It's so much trouble to kindle a fire," says Brer Fox, says he, "that I expect I'd better hang you," says he.

"Hang me just as high as you please, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, says he, "but for the Lord's sake, don't fling me in that briar patch," says he.

"I don't have any string," says Brer Fox, says he, "now I expect I had better drown you," says he.

"Drown me just as deep as you please, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit, says he, "but please do not fling me in that briar patch," says he.

"There's no water near here," says Brer Fox, says he, "and now I reckon I'd better skin you," says he.

"Skin me, Brer Fox," says he. "Snatch out my eyeballs, tear out my ears by the roots, and cut off my legs," says he, "but please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in that briar patch," says he.

Of course, Brer Fox wanted to hurt Brer Rabbit as bad as he could, so he caught him by the behind legs and slung him right in the middle of the briar patch. There was a considerable flutter when Brer Rabbit struck the bushes, and Brer Fox hung around to see what was going to happen. By and by he heard someone call his name and 'way up on the hill he saw Brer Rabbit sittin, cross-legged on a chinkapin log combing the tar pitch out of his hair with a chip. Then Brer Fox knew he had been tricked.

Brer Rabbit hollered out, "Bred and born in the briar patch. I was bred and born in the briar patch!" And with that he skipped out just as lively as a cricket in the embers of a fire.

STORY ELEVEN
TIO CONEJO

NICARAGUA

A FOLKTALE RETOLD BY CATHARINE HORNE

Tio Conejo means Uncle Rabbit—or Brer Rabbit as we sometimes call him. Everywhere, Tio Conejo has a very bad reputation for trying to trick everyone and for making trouble. Sometimes the trouble is only mischief and you could laugh at it, but sometimes the trouble makes you want to get back at Tio Conejo.

Now Tio Conejo was worried and a little bit frightened. He looked around at all the animals he saw and knew that he was only a little animal. Tio Conejo became angry because he was such a small rabbit.

"I don't like being a little creature. Somebody might hurt me. I want to be as big as a horse, or a bull, or even a tiger." He thought this to himself over and over. "I am smarter than anyone else, but I am so small and weak. No one will take me seriously. I don't look fierce or frightening or even strong. I must do something about this."

There was only one way to change his size. Tio Conejo knew he must go to see Papa Dios (Father God) who lives up in heaven. He walked and he walked until he could see the end of the world ahead. Just then he met Tio Perro (Uncle Dog) along the way.

"Where are you going, Tio Perro?" asked Tio Conejo.

"I'm on my way to heaven," said Tio Perro. "I want to be as smart as my master."

"Oh! I am on my way to see Papa Dios, too. I am going to ask him to make me at least as big and strong as a horse. Why don't we go there together?"

They walked and walked until they passed the edge of the world and arrived at the gate of heaven. St. Peter was standing at the gate of heaven; he had been watching them all the time.

"Greetings," said St. Peter. "What is it that you two animals want?"

"We want to see Papa Dios," they both said.

"I am sorry, my two friends," said St. Peter. "There is no place for animals in heaven now. Come back another time."

"But, St. Peter, we have come a long way and this is very important," said Tio Perro.

"I wish you would go away now, Tio Perro. You are bothering me." St. Peter was beginning to feel impatient with the dog.

"I have to see Papa Dios. I have to see Papa Dios," the dog barked over and over again in a sharp voice and would not stop. "Let me in. Let me in."

St. Peter was angry. "Stop! Stop that racket. Go away. I said 'No.' "

But Tio Perro was angry, too, because St. Peter would not let him in and he began to growl. St. Peter looked around for a stick to chase the dog away. He found one and ran the dog off shouting after him.

Meantime, little Tio Conejo stood to one side, not saying a word. The instant that St. Peter ran after Tio Perro, he hopped up to the gate of heaven, took the keys off the hook, unlocked the gate and walked inside. He walked up the stairs of heaven. There he saw Papa Dios sitting on his golden throne.

"Good Morning, Papa Dios," said Tio Conejo, bowing his head before the throne.

"Good Morning to you, Tio Conejo. What do you want?"

"Well, Papa Dios, I have come to ask you a special favor."

"What favor do you want?"

"Oh, Papa Dios, I do not think that it is fair that you have made me

such a small animal. I am so smart that I should be strong and large as well. I think you have made a mistake."

"Tio Conejo, you should be grateful that you are so smart."

"I am grateful, but I want to be big as well. I want to be as big as a horse—at least."

"I tell you that you are the right size."

"Then make me as big as a burro."

"No, you are exactly the right size."

"Please, please, Papa Dios. It will be nothing to you to make me bigger. And to me it would be everything. Then I would be strong as well as smart."

Papa Dios was getting tired of Tio Conejo.

"You make enough trouble the small size that you are, imagine if you were bigger, you would cause much more trouble."

Tio Conejo was at the throne of Papa Dios and he kept begging and begging. No matter what Papa Dios said to him, he kept begging. At last Papa Dios said, "I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you a test. If you pass the test, then I will make you bigger. If, in this one day, you capture three big animals, then I will make you bigger. You must capture a tiger, a big monkey, and an alligator ten feet long."

Tio Conejo did not waste a minute. He ran off bippety-bop, bippety-bop, bippety-bop, to capture the three big animals. He soon came to a river where he knew that the tiger watered and there was the tiger drinking from the river! Tio Conejo thought fast. He rushed into the trees and began to cut the vine creepers from them, making a lot of noise. As they crashed to the ground, the tiger heard it and stopped drinking to watch Tio Conejo. At last his curiosity got the better of him.

"Why are you cutting down those thick vines, Tio Conejo?" Tio Tigre asked in his deep voice.

"Oh, Tio Tigre! I am so worried. A terrible storm is coming and I am so small. The storm will tear down the trees and throw the animals into the air. I am cutting these vines so that I can tie myself to the strongest of trees and then I will not be blown away."

"Are you certain that there really is going to be a terrible storm?" asked the tiger.

"Do you think I would be doing this hard work if I did not think so?" said Tio Conejo and he looked very worried.

"If you are so sure, then I think you should tie me to a tree, too," said Tio Tigre slowly.

"But you are so big and strong; you don't have to worry about the wind."

"You said it would be a TERRIBLE wind," the tiger growled loudly.

"Oh yes, yes, the most terrifying wind that ever was."

"Then tie me down, if the wind will be so strong."

"No, I don't think so, Tio Tigre, you are too big."

"Come, come, do not be afraid of me, Tio Conejo, we have been friends for a long time."

"If you really want me to, then I will tie you, Tio Tigre."

Tio Conejo took the thick, strong vines he had cut and asked Tio Tigre to stand on his back legs in front of the strongest tree. Then he wound the vines around and around Tio Tigre. He wrapped and pulled them as tightly as he could and tied them in strong knots.

"Tio Conejo, you are tying me awfully tight."

"I know, but you don't want the storm to fling you against the rocks or blow you away with the wind, do you?" When he had the tiger tied so tightly that he could not move an inch he said, "Tio Tigre, I'm going up on that hill to look for a strong tree for myself." But when Tio Conejo got to the top of the hill, he did not look for a tree. He ran off as fast as he could to find the other two big animals, leaving the tiger tied to the tree by the river.

Tio Conejo ran to the tree where many monkeys lived, but first he stopped to find a large sack that he filled with rocks. He dragged the bag to the foot of the tree and opened it wide. Then he said in a loud voice so that all the monkeys could hear, "If anyone goes into that bag to see what I have hidden in it, he will have to pay for his curiosity." Then Tio Conejo walked away and hid behind some nearby bushes. As soon as he walked away, the monkeys rushed down from the tree because they thought there was something good to eat in the sack. But the biggest, meanest monkey pushed all the rest aside, saying, "I'll take what's in there."

The big monkey opened the bag and since it was dark inside, he walked all the way in to look around. Tio Conejo rushed over just then. With the monkey in the bag, he tied the opening with a string very, very tight. The bad, mean monkey jumped around inside of the bag. But he knocked himself out by hitting one of the rocks and lay quiet. None of the other monkeys wanted to let the mean one

out. So they left him in the bag and went back up into the tree, chattering to each other.

Now Tio Conejo knew that he had to capture the hardest animal of all, the ten-foot alligator. He knew that he must catch him soon, before the day was over. He went running back over the hill to another part of the river and there he saw a large, green alligator in the water. He picked up a big stick and ran to the river and hit the alligator on the back as hard as he could.

"What was that?" roared the alligator, swinging his tail in the water and showing all of the rows and rows of teeth in his strong mouth. He was full of fight.

Tio Conejo had gone to drink in the river a little ways off. The alligator soon saw him.

"So it was you, you little rascal. You hit me with a stick. I'll teach you never to do that again, I'll . . ."

"Wait!" said Tio Conejo. "It was not me that hit you; it was my brother. He looks just like me. He is a very mean rabbit, not like me at all. I am always getting blamed for the things that he does and it is not fair." Tio Conejo began to cry.

"Well, if it was your brother, then he is mean. He tried to kill me with a big stick like the one that you have. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"I am sorry that my brother tried to hurt you. He is very mean," said Tio Conejo, still sniffling. "But why are you laughing?"

"Because your brother is a fool to think he could hurt me by beating me with a stick. He could beat me all day and all night and I would hardly feel it."

"Really?" asked Tio Conejo in a small voice.

"Really," answered the alligator. "There is only one place he could hurt me. Right here on this spot between my eyes." And the alligator pointed to a spot on his forehead.

"I never knew that. That is a great help to you not to get hurt anywhere but just one little spot. But since we are friends, I am going to get you a bag of monkey meat I have. You may take as much as you like."

The rabbit scampered up the hill and over it to the tree where the monkey was in the bag. He took out the rocks and dragged the bag to the top of the hill and rolled the bag with the monkey in it down to the river.

"Here it is!" said Tio Conejo.

The alligator rose up out of the river dripping with water. He showed again all his rows and rows of teeth. Just as he got to the bag and was starting to rip it with his teeth, Tio Conejo picked up his stick and *bam!* he hit the alligator right on that one spot. The rabbit only had strength enough to stun the alligator. So he cut more vine creepers and tied the alligator tightly so that when he woke up, he would not be able to move. Tio Conejo had captured the three big animals and they were all three tied up tightly. He ran as fast as he could to Papa Dios. When he got there he was all out of breath.

"Papa Dios, you told me to capture three big animals in one day, the tiger, the big monkey, and the alligator. I have caught all three. You may see for yourself."

"What?" exclaimed Papa Dios. But he looked down from heaven and he saw that Tio Conejo was telling the truth. He saw the tiger tied to the tree by the river. He saw the big monkey tied in a sack. And he saw the alligator lying still and quiet, wrapped in vine creepers next to the monkey.

"What have you done? How is it possible that in one day a little animal like you can capture three big and fierce animals? You must be very bad to do this so quickly."

"I am not bad, I am smart," said Tio Conejo. "Very, very smart. Now will you make me as big as a horse?"

"I will not! If you do such terrible things in one day and you are a little animal, what will you do if you are bigger?"

"But you promised, Papa Dios. You promised."

"You are right, I did promise, my little rabbit, and I will keep my promise. Come here."

Tio Conejo came close to Papa Dios.

"I'll make you bigger, Tio Conejo."

Papa Dios took hold of Tio Conejo's small, little ears and began to pull them. He pulled and pulled and Tio Conejo's ears got longer and longer.

"Now you are bigger," said Papa Dios. "You have the longest ears of anyone. Return to the earth and release the three big animals you have captured and you will be safe from them."

Tio Conejo has the longest ears of any animal to this day, but he is not one bit smarter than he ever was.

LIST FOUR
THE QUEST

By far the most difficult list of stories, this one introduces the wonder tale or quest. Starting with "Ma Lien and the Magic Brush," the idea is how to venture out into the world and have what you want. The age-old problems of greed, evil, poverty, danger rise like specters in these tales. I would call these "beginning" quest stories because they happen in the context of a family, with brothers and sisters—the first start of youth to "dare their fate." With the questing tale type, we start to see what stories really are—a symbolic reflection of life in all its facets. The ups and downs, all the nuances of feelings and yearnings in wanting one's own life story to turn out are captured here and there in these tales. It is good to hear them. This list is meant for a group that is beginning to find its own identity and to ask, "What do I want?" They ought to be able to listen to a longer story because they are starting to listen to themselves.

STORY ONE
THE CLOUD DRAGON

FANFARE

Begin with sounds:

Play a tape or record of sounds of ocean waves, bells—relaxing, rhythmic sounds. Instruct students to breathe deeply—from the diaphragm—while listening to the sounds and to close their eyes. While they are listening, ask them to allow a color to come to them and to imagine that they are breathing that color in and out.

When students open their eyes, ask them to share the colors they saw.

SOUND CATCH

Play sound catch. Student A makes a sound (more precisely, a tone). Ask A to take the sound from his or her mouth and put it in his or her hands. A silently moves across the room and puts the sound carefully into someone else's hands—B. B then puts hands up to mouth and duplicates the sound that A made. As B is toning A's sound, B blends it into a new sound, puts it in his or her hands, and passes it on. This game is played in silence concentration. When the group becomes more skillful, the children can actually toss the sound through the air to one another. The receiver must catch the sound and tone it at the same time. Continue sound catch as long as the game holds the attention of the group. Then tell the story, "The Cloud Dragon."

STORY ONE
THE CLOUD DRAGON

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time in a very large city, there lived a brother and sister, Wayne and Lily Ann. They lived near the top of a very tall building, and when they looked out of their window they saw tall buildings close around them. One window looked into another window. If you wanted to see the sky, you had to lean carefully out of the window, tilt your head and look straight up. Then far above you could see a piece of blue sky with clouds flying in it. Sometimes at night when the sky was black, there would be a sparkling star shining.

One day, during a holiday, Wayne and Lily Ann were walking up the staircase of their building instead of taking the elevator. When they reached the top floor, they saw that the stairway kept going up another flight to the door at the top.

"Let's go up that way," said Wayne.

"You go first," said Lily Ann.

Wayne, opening the door, saw in front of him, the gravel top of the building and—the sky! "Oh, it's the roof and it's so big!" Wayne jumped through the door with Lily Ann following him. They ran like the wind on the roof, back and forth, from one end to the other, being careful not to get too close to the edge. There was a low railing at the edge of the roof, but it took them a while before they felt brave enough to peer over the railing to the streets and people below.

"Ohh!" said Lily Ann. "Looking down makes my knees shiver."

"Come on, I'll race you to the door!" shouted Wayne.

After that, Wayne and Lily Ann went up to the roof whenever they could, if the weather was sunny. But they never told anyone where they were.

It was at the time of the new year when Wayne asked his father if he could have a dragon kite. Often Wayne had seen them flying in the park and had thought how he would like to fly a dragon kite from his roof, especially for the new year. Still, he was surprised the next day when his father brought home a bright package wrapped in rice paper. Inside, folded neatly, was a dragon kite, made of shiny silver and black paper. Wayne could hardly wait to fly his dragon. He carefully unwrapped the dragon and found the kite string. With Lily Ann, he carried it up to the roof where the sun was shining and the wind was blowing up a stiff breeze. In a few minutes, the dragon had flown into the sky, dragging a long, silver tail that flashed brightly and moved in the wind like a snake. The black head of the dragon looked fierce and brave as it plunged up and down like a

horse. Lily Ann watched Wayne fly the kite and ran below it and the sky. Suddenly, she stopped and pointed into the air.

"Look Wayne, a cloud in the sky, up there! It looks like a dragon, too, and it is floating this way, over us!"

Just as she spoke, the silver kite dragon flew toward the cloud dragon and they bumped into each other. The silver dragon was tangled in the cloud dragon and the cloud dragon was tangled in the silver dragon. Neither of them could fly any more and they began to fall down, down, down, with the silver tail streaking in the sun until they landed on the roof with hardly a sound. Wayne and Lily Ann quickly ran to them. Wayne took the black head of the paper dragon in his hands and slowly pulled it away from the cloud that covered it like a mist. Lily Ann put her arms around the neck of the cloud dragon, holding it close to her and in that way kept it from floating away.

When the dragons were apart, Wayne folded the paper dragon and put it by the door under a brick. He turned around. There the cloud dragon stood shimmering and glowing on the roof with Lily Ann. It seemed to have a light that came from within itself, and pink sunset-colored eyes. The cloud dragon looked kindly at the boy and the girl. His massive and misty head had trailing whiskers. He had a large body about seven feet long with four wispy-looking claws at the end of his four legs. Lily Ann held his neck with both her arms, but the dragon didn't seem to mind. He stood quietly and so silently on the gravel roof. Then a voice came from him like the wind blowing. With a soft, long breath, he said, "Hello."

After that, Wayne was not afraid of the dragon; he walked closer and closer, thinking that he would like to jump on the dragon's back and take a ride. He wondered if he would fall through the cloud body to the gravel of the roof. He had to try. Wayne ran and jumped on the dragon's back and there he stayed, on top of the misty glowing body.

"Let go, Lily Ann! Maybe he will take me for a ride."

Lily Ann opened her arms and the dragon jumped into a fast, gliding run around the roof. But Wayne was too heavy on the dragon for him to fly. He was like an anchor for the cloud dragon, keeping him from floating up.

"Wayne, Wayne, let me up!" Lily Ann cried.

Reaching down, Wayne took Lily Ann's hand and she, too, was on the long back of the cloud beast as they glided in the breezes of the roof. But with the weight on his back, the dragon could not float

away. Soon the sky began to get darker and darker, then rosy, as the sun was setting.

"Wayne, we must go downstairs before it is dark," said his sister.

Wayne didn't want to stop riding on the gleaming dragon's back. Each time they circled the roof, Wayne thought that the next time they would fly up and into the sky, over the city, and maybe far away. Still, the time to go down the stairs had come.

"When I count three, we'll jump off. Wait until the dragon circles to the center of the roof," Wayne said quietly.

Watching, he whispered, "One, two, three, jump!"

Lily Ann and her brother landed lightly on their feet and turned to watch the dragon. He faced them silently with his pink eyes gazing so kindly at them. Then, doubling up his long body to spring, he leapt up into the sky. They watched him floating into the colors of the sunset. His cloud body caught the fire colors from the setting sun and turned bright pink, orange and purple as he flew higher and away. Wayne and Lily Ann stood with their faces turned up, straining to see the dragon until he was only a bright speck and then gone. When the dragon had flown from sight, they walked to the door, picked up the folded paper dragon kite and ran down the stairs.

Never again did Wayne and Lily Ann see the cloud dragon. It was a secret they kept between them when they played and ran in the wind on their roof.

STORY TWO
MA LIEN AND THE MAGIC BRUSH

CHINA

This is an artist's quest story, one I find appealing to offset the often athletic quests of most heroes. Ma Lien is a poor peasant boy who draws with great skill, but owns no brush with which to paint. His work is rewarded by the gift of a magic brush—whatever he paints with it becomes real! What follows is a fine tale of magic and greed. The story creates pictures inside pictures, giving your audience an opportunity to develop their visualizing skills.

SOURCES

Ma Lien and the Magic Brush. Retold by Alvin Tresselt and based on the version by Hisako Kimishima, a Japanese woman who specializes in Chinese folklore. Parents' Magazine Press, 1968.

Note: Another version has recently been published by Island Heritage Press with a retelling by Goodman and Spicer. The illustrations in it, drawn by Y.D. Mui, are almost overwhelming and might be worth sharing with your class at some point. But this version is retold illogically and the story does not hold together nearly as well as Tresselt's.

STORY THREE
THE THREE BROTHERS

WARMUP GAME

Eyes closed. Ask the students in rapid-fire to see these things:

IF

—If you could be a color, what color would you be?
—If you could be an animal, what animal . . .
—Food
—Piece of furniture
—Musical instrument
—Song
—Movie
—TV show
—Storm
—Day
—Sunrise
—Sunset
—Moon
—Star
—Season
—Plant
end with person.

Open eyes and share what they saw and what they wished. Tell the "Three Brothers."

THREE BROTHERS

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time there were three brothers named Hugh, Lou, and Kenny. They lived in an apartment building that was so crowded there were more people in it than doors and windows. So Hugh, Lou, and Kenny decided it was time to leave home to seek their fortune in the world. They each put all their possessions into a plastic bag and tied the bag to a stick. Their mother started to cry, but they said, "Don't worry, Momma, we'll come back when we make our fortune in the world."

Momma dried her tears and gave them each a bag of sunflower seeds, four chocolate chip cookies, and a baloney sandwich that was all the food she had in the house. Then she looked under the bed for the shoe box where she kept her treasures and gave each brother a good luck charm. To Hugh, the oldest, she gave a wishbone from the chicken dinner they had last year. To Lou, the middle brother, she gave a blue button that had fallen off his Dad's sailor shirt and to the youngest brother, Kenny, she gave a small, speckled pebble that she had found in her shoe one day.

"These things may look like nothing to you now," she said, "but keep them just the same and there'll come a time when you will need them."

With that, she kissed them all goodbye and sent them out into the world. They hadn't gone far before they came to a junk yard. Hugh, Lou, and Kenny thought they would camp out in different cars. Hugh took an old rusty Ford, Lou picked out a burned-out Cadillac, and Kenny found a little sportscar just his size. After eating their baloney sandwiches and cookies for supper, they stretched out in their cars for a good night's rest. It was so peaceful and quiet in the junk yard without anybody else around—nobody slamming doors, walking up and down the stairs or playing loud music—nothing but the rusty cars and junk with the swoosh sound of the freeway far away in the night.

Kenny looked out through the broken windshield of his sportscar and he thought he saw stars in the night sky. He smiled to himself and went to sleep. Lou curled up in the back seat of his Cadillac and felt happy to be alone and in his own car for the night. Hugh had to stick his feet out the window of his car, 'cause he was growing big for his age, but the night was warm and he was comfortable with his plastic bag for a pillow. He settled down for the quiet night ahead—or so he thought.

Little did they know that a pack of wild dogs roamed the junk yard at night. They were dogs that had once had owners, but they had run away. Their ringleader was called Max and he was a mean dog, who could talk, lie, cheat, steal and bite anything that crossed his

path. All during the day and evening these dogs prowled the neighborhoods and stole valuables from stores and homes. Just at midnight they came into the junk yard, dragging all they had stolen that day while people were away or asleep, to hide it in their secret underground hideaway. Max stopped still and sniffed the air. He growled, "Humans! I smell people in this junk yard tonight. Don't make a sound and we'll go straight down to our den."

The pack trotted carefully to their secret den, leaving the money and jewelry they had stolen by the door of Kenny's sportscar. Then they went single file down into the open trap door to their den by the front of Lou's Cadillac. On their way, the biggest dog bumped into Hugh's feet that were sticking out of the window of the Ford and woke Hugh up.

Hugh sat up behind the driver's wheel just in time to see the pack of dogs disappear through the trap door that went into their underground den. Max was the last one down. Max looked all around the yard, but didn't see Hugh in the car. Then that big, white dog, as white as death in the night, closed the door behind him and all was quiet.

Hugh wished that his two brothers would wake up, but he didn't dare to move for fear that the dog pack would hear him walking. Then he remembered the wishbone in his pocket. He held it in his hands and wished that Lou and Kenny would wake up and they did. He saw them looking out of the windows of their cars into the dark. Next, he wished they would come to him without making a sound. Breathlessly, Hugh watched them open their car doors and come over to his car quiet as ghosts. Kenny saw the two bags of money and jewels lying on the ground and picked them up ever so quietly and met up with Hugh and Lou at the rusty Ford.

Then Hugh put his fingers to his lips as a sign to be quiet and they all got on the front seat together.

"Look," he whispered, "a pack of dogs just went into that trap door by Lou's Cadillac."

"Well, look what I found by my car," said Kenny, showing them the bags of money and jewelry.

"Oh, no!" said Lou. "It must be a pack of thieving dogs. They're the meanest things alive. We'll never get out of here." Lou started to cry. Then he remembered his navy blue button and what his Momma had said. He took the button out of his pocket and put it on the dashboard and pushed it. Before he knew it, that rusty Ford started moving! They were going full speed ahead out of the junk yard in that rickety old car.

Clack! Rattle! Bang! The old Ford made a racket in the middle of the night until that pack of dogs heard it and leapt one by one out of their den, Max in the lead, showing his white fangs.

"They're after us!" screamed Kenny. Then he remembered his speckled pebble and what his Momma had said. He took it out of his pocket and threw it at the pack of dogs. It blew up like a bomb! The dogs fell into pieces and disappeared into the night.

When Lou saw what happened to the pack of mean thieving dogs, he pushed his navy blue button again and the rusty Ford stopped. So it was that Hugh, Lou, and Kenny found all the treasure that had been hidden in the junk yard for years and years, and the owners long forgotten. They took all the bags they could carry and rode home in the rusty old Ford. They became a rich family and bought a big house in the country that had trees all around it. Sometimes the only sound they heard was the whispering of the wind in the trees. And they lived happily ever after.

STORY FOUR
THE ANGRY MOON

NATIVE AMERICAN

This Native American tale from the Northwest Tlingit Indians is an adventure story involving the moon. Two friends, a boy and a girl, are walking out at night. The girl makes insulting remarks about the moon's face. As punishment, the moonlight surrounds her in a rainbow and takes her to the moon as prisoner. The moon, oddly enough, is male—though quite vain and vengeful, qualities in our culture given only to the female. The boy rescues the girl with the help of a "grandmother" in the sky—a powerful matriarch.

SOURCE

The Angry Moon. Retold by William Sleator. Illustrated by Blair Lent. Little, Brown, 1970. (Story is based on a source text from a 1909 U.S. government bulletin of the Bureau of American Ethnology.)

STORY FIVE
STEAMY

WARMUP GAME
MOTHER GOOSE MARATHON

This game I call the Mother Goose Marathon, or MGM. Anyone can participate because the object is to tell as many Mother Goose rhymes as the group knows together, using this connecting rhyme:

. . . and threw it out the window, the window,
the second-story window.

With a heave and a ho, and a mighty throw,
(they, she, he) threw it out the window.

Examples:
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the King's horses and all the King's men
Threw him out the window, etc.

or:
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey:
There came a big spider
Who sat down beside her
And *threw her out the window*, etc.

or:
Jack be nimble
Jack be quick
Jack *jumped out the window*, etc.

This is a hilarious game and fits in with the story to follow. "Steamy" is an update of the Cinderella story—as such, it is mildly satirical. The purpose is to show that we can lighten up and play with the old verses and old stories. They are, after all, as familiar as friends. Give the cue to listen and begin the story.

STORY FIVE
STEAMY

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time there was a beautiful and kind young girl who lived with her two stepsisters. She was so lovely that the stepsisters were jealous of her and didn't want anybody to see her when they came to the house. So they made her stay in the back room. When the visitors left, they made her do all the housework. Finally, so no one would ever see her, they got her out of the house by making her work in the nearby dry cleaners. There she wore nothing but

rags and ironed and steam pressed the clothes of other people after they were cleaned. So her stepsisters laughed and called her "Steamy."

Steamy worked day after day in the dry cleaners. She pressed the pants, shirts, coats, and dresses that the customers brought in. Some days it got so hot over the steam press that sweat ran down Steamy's face and her hair hung down in curly rings. But she never complained, she only sighed and picked up the next shirt or dress to be pressed. She didn't have any clothes of her own, 'cause her stepsisters took all the money that she made and spent it on themselves. Sometimes the two stepsisters would walk by the dry cleaners while Steamy was working and tease her. They'd walk in with their fancy clothes and say,

"Hi Steamy! Hiss! Hiss! Why don't you get a steam roller," or "You look like you got pressed in your steam iron," and nasty things like that.

But Steamy didn't talk back. She would just look up with her tired eyes through the steam and smile a little smile and sigh.

One cold day when Steamy was working by herself, a very handsome man came in. He had on a shiny brown leather jacket with fur trim. Underneath the open jacket, Steamy could see that he was wearing a beautifully made suit with a green silk tie and a creamy white shirt. This man looked at Steamy with kind eyes while he gave her a bundle of clothes to be cleaned. When she asked for his name to write on the cleaning ticket her hands were shaking. She had never seen anyone look at her that way before.

"What is your name, sir?" she asked in a tiny voice.

"Mr. Michaels, Miss," he said with a kind smile. "Thank you very much." And he left.

Steamy could hardly work that day. She was thinking about Mr. Michaels and that he would have to come back in a week to pick up his clothes. After that first time, Mr. Michaels came into the store week after week with his clothes. Steamy found out that he was very rich and lived in a big house all alone. She felt happy anytime he looked at her, but she didn't dare to talk to him, 'cause all she had were raggedy clothes and a steam press job, and no real name besides Steamy. Whenever she pinned the cleaning ticket on his clothes, her hands would tremble.

One day during the summer, Steamy heard that there was to be a big party at Mr. Michael's house. All the very rich and important people in the town were going to be there. Even her stepsisters were going to be there. Oh! How Steamy wished that she could go,

too. But no one had asked her to go and even if they had, she had nothing to wear.

When the night of the party came, Steamy was working late at the dry cleaners. She wanted to stay busy so that she wouldn't think about Mr. Michaels and his fancy garden party. She heard the music pretty and soft coming down the street from the party and Steamy started thinking of how she could maybe sneak in without anybody knowing. She looked at all the pretty clothes hanging on the racks waiting to be picked up by the customers.

"It wouldn't hurt if I just wore a dress this one night," she said to herself. "And I can clean and press it tomorrow real pretty before anybody comes to the store."

Steamy looked through the clothes 'til she found a beautiful silver and blue gown with a white lace trim—just her size. Quick as a wink, she took off her rags and slipped on the dress. Now she needed shoes, makeup, maybe a wig or something for her hair. Without anyone seeing her, she locked up the store and ran down the street to her stepsisters' house 'cause she knew they would all be at the party. In her stepsister's bedroom, she found all the makeup and wigs she could ever want, since her stepsisters were always trying to make themselves look beautiful. But Steamy was really so lovely that all she needed was a few quick touches, a wig to hide her uncombed hair, a pair of silver evening shoes, and she looked so delightful that she smiled and laughed to herself when she looked in the mirror.

Just a few minutes later, she walked quietly into the garden party at Mr. Michaels' house. Everybody looked up when she walked in; Steamy was so attractive. Mr. Michaels asked her to dance every dance with him and he couldn't take his eyes off her. But he didn't know who she was. When the clock struck twelve, Steamy thought she'd better leave before the party was over. So, when no one was looking, she ran swiftly away. Running, she tripped by the garden gate and tore the hem of her gown. Without stopping, she ran and didn't look back, as fast as the wind, to her stepsisters' house and put the wig and shoes where she'd found them. Then, being careful that no one saw her, she ran to the dry cleaning store and hung up the dress and put on her own raggedy clothes. She washed all the makeup off her face and then ran back home and into her bed in the kitchen closet—all before her stepsisters came home.

Next morning, everybody was talking about the strange girl at the garden party. Her stepsisters told Steamy that Mr. Michaels had danced every dance with her and that he couldn't take his eyes off her, but that nobody knew who she was. Steamy just smiled to herself and went to work early. When she looked at the gown she

had worn the night before, her heart fell down to her feet! The cleaning ticket that was pinned onto the hem of the dress was gone! Then she remembered that she had torn the hem running from the party and she hoped that Mr. Michaels didn't find it. Quickly, she cleaned and mended and pressed the dress and pinned a new ticket on it before anybody else came to the store.

Steamy worked so hard that day with all the party clothes that came in that she almost forgot about Mr. Michaels. But just at the end of the day he came into the store with the cleaning ticket in his hand. It was the only clue he had to find the lovely girl who had run away.

"Do you know whose ticket this is?" he asked.

"Oh!" said Steamy and she wanted to cry. How could she tell him the truth? She couldn't stop her tears and suddenly, she did cry. Sobbing, she took the ticket and went and got the dress. "Th-th-that ticket is from this dress." And she looked up at him with her eyes full of tears, because she couldn't tell him the truth, and she wanted to.

But Mr. Michaels looked at the dress and he looked at Steamy and all at once he knew. "It was you!" he said out loud with the kindest smile. "You are full of surprises! So—you dressed yourself up and came to the party all alone. That took a lot of spunk." Mr. Michaels' eyes twinkled. "It's not often you see such a hard-working person with a streak of mischief too. Come with me, Steamy, you will never have to work like this again."

Steamy couldn't believe her ears. She dried her eyes and went with Mr. Michaels. She changed her name to Tammy and she grew more contented every day. That summer Tammy and Mr. Michaels were married and lived happily ever after.

STORY SIX
CAP O' RUSHES

ENGLAND

This English folk tale is one of the numerous versions of Cinderella—a theme in folklore widespread throughout the world. I like this particular telling as it points out the courage and independence of the young woman who works diligently, has a personal radiance and catches the prince for herself. The beginning scene of this story recalls Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*. In *Lear*, the king mistakes the love of his youngest daughter and drives her out. After many turns of fortune she is reconciled to her father. "Loving like salt" and the "ring of recognition" are repeated motifs in folklore.

In telling this tale, allow for the repetition of three to unfold without rushing the story. This Cinderella version has three visits to the royal ball, not one. Tell each one so that the plot builds suspensefully to the moment of recognition.

STORY SIX
CAP O' RUSHES

RETOLD BY
JOSEPH JACOBS

Well, there was once a very rich gentleman, and he'd three daughters, and he thought he'd see how fond they were of him. So he says to the first, "How much do you love me, my dear?"

"Why," says she, "as I love my life."

"That's good," says he.

So he says to the second, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?"

"Why," says she, "better nor all the world."

"That's good," says he.

So he says to the third, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?"

"Why, I love you as fresh meat loves salt," says she.

Well, but he was angry. "You don't love me at all," says he, "and in my house you'll stay no more." So he drove her out there and then, and shut the door in her face.

Well, she went away on and on 'til she came to a fen, and there she gathered a lot of rushes and made them into a kind of a sort of a cloak with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. And then she went on and on 'til she came to a great house.

"Do you want a maid?" says she.

"No, we don't," said they.

"I haven't nowhere to go," says she, "and I ask no wages, and do any sort of work," says she.

"Well," said they, "if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans you may stay," said they.

So she stayed there and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans and did all the dirty work. And because she gave no name they called her "Cap o' Rushes."

Well, one day there was to be a great dance a little way off, and the servants were allowed to go and look on at the grand people. Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

But when they were gone she offed with her cap o' rushes, and cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one there was so finely dressed as she.

Well, who should be there but her master's son, and what should he do but fall in love with her the minute he set eyes on her. He wouldn't dance with anyone else.

But before the dance was done Cap o' Rushes slipt off, and away she went home. And when the other maids came back she was pretending to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next morning they said to her, "You did miss a sight, Cap o' Rushes!"

"What was that?" says she.

"Why the beautifullest lady you ever did see, dressed right gay and ga'. The young master, he never took his eyes off her."

"Well, I should have liked to have seen her," said Cap o' Rushes.

"Well, there's to be another dance this evening, and perhaps she'll be there."

But, come the evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go with them. Howsoever, when they were gone she offed with her cap o' rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son had been reckoning on seeing her, and he danced with no one else, and never took his eyes off her. But, before the dance was over, she slipt off, and home she went, and when the maids came back she pretended to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Next day they said to her again, "Well, Cap o' Rushes, you should ha' been there to see the lady. There she was again, gay and ga', and

the young master he never took his eyes off her."

"Well, there," says she, "I should ha' liked to ha' seen her."

"Well," says they, "there's a dance again this evening, and you must go with us, for she's sure to be there."

Well, come this evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, and do what they would she stayed at home. But when they were gone she offed with her cap o' rushes and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The master's son was rarely glad when he saw her. He danced with none but her and never took his eyes off her. When she wouldn't tell him her name, nor where she came from, he gave her a ring and told her if he didn't see her again he should die.

Well, before the dance was over, off she slipt, and home she went, and when the maids came home she was pretending to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next day they says to her, "There, Cap o' Rushes, you didn't co[illegible]ast night, and now you won't see the lady, for there's no m[illegible] dances."

"Well, I should have rarely liked to have seen her," says she.

The master's son he tried every way to find out where the lady was gone, but go where he might, and ask whom he might, he never heard anything about her. And he got worse and worse for the lov[illegible]of her 'til he had to keep to his bed.

"Make some gruel for the young master," they said to the cook. "He's dying for the love of the lady. The cook she set about making it when Cap o' Rushes came in.

"What are you a-doing of?" says she.

"I'm going to make some gruel for the young master," says the cook, "for he's dying for love of the lady."

"Let me make it," says Cap o' Rushes.

Well, the cook wouldn't at first, but at last she said yes, and Cap o' Rushes made the gruel. And when she had made it she slipped the ring into it on the sly before the cook took it upstairs.

The young man he drank it and then he saw the ring at the bottom.

"Send for the cook," says he.

So up she comes.

"Who made this gruel here?" says he.

"I did," says the cook, for she was frightened.

And he looked at her.

"No, you didn't," says he. "Say who did it, and you shan't be harmed."

"Well then, 'twas Cap o' Rushes," says she.

"Send Cap o' Rushes here," says he.

So Cap o' Rushes came.

"Did you make my gruel?" says he.

"Yes, I did," says she.

"Where did you get this ring?" says he.

"From him that gave it me," says she.

"Who are you, then?" says the young man.

"I'll show you," says she. And she offed with her cap o' rushes, and there she was in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the master's son he got well very soon, and they were to be married in a little time. It was to be a very grand wedding, and every one was asked far and near. And Cap o' Rushes' father was asked. But she never told anybody who she was.

But before the wedding she went to the cook and says she: "I want you to dress every dish without a mite o' salt."

"That'll be rare nasty," says the cook.

"That doesn't signify," says she.

"Very well," says the cook.

Well, the wedding day came, and they were married. And after they were married all the company sat down to the dinner. When they began to eat the meat, it was so tasteless they couldn't eat it. But Cap o' Rushes' father tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst out crying.

"What is the matter?" said the master's son to him.

"Oh!" says he, "I had a daughter. And I asked her how much she loved me. And she said, 'As much as fresh meat loves salt.' And I turned her from my door, for I thought she didn't love me. And now I see she loved me best of all. And she may be dead for aught I know."

"No, father, here she is!" says Cap o' Rushes. And she goes up to him and puts her arms round him.

And so they were all happy ever after.

STORY SEVEN
THE EYES OF CRYSTAL

WARMUP GAME
TELEPHONE

Play telephone. Ask a student to silently think of four students' full names. He/she may need your help or perhaps you could write down the full names of four students in the class and rehearse it with the first student. That way, at least you know that the first student know the names correctly. A whispers to B to C and so on. At the end, see what the jumble of names has become.

MAGIC TELESCOPE
Prop: The cardboard cylinder from a paper towel roll.

Ask a student to look at one point in the room, using the cylinder as a telescope. Ask the student to keep his gaze only on that one point and to now describe what is in the rest of the room USING ONLY HIS/HER IMACINATION. It could be anything. After a few turns at the "magic telescope," begin the story, "The Eyes of Crystal."

THE EYES OF CRYSTAL

CATHARINE HORNE

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, in a faraway land by the sea, there was a girl named Katrina whom everyone called Tina. She didn't have any brothers and sisters and she lived in a small house alone with her mother and father, Lupe and Juan, who were really very old. Already their hair was turning white and sometimes Tina wondered if she was really their child or if she belonged to someone else. But her mama and papa were so good to her, they gave her everything she needed. They would smile at her and pat her head. But always when they smiled, their eyes were sad. Tina thought they knew something about her that she didn't know, a secret, and that was why they didn't smile at her with their eyes.

Once when Tina was at home with the old mother, she sat down next to her on the kitchen bench in front of the fire. The old lady hugged her and stroked her hair, and a tear rolled down her face.

"Mama, why are you so sad?" asked Tina.

"Never mind, my small one, *mi hijita*, Tina, you should not ask these questions, but be as happy as you can."

After that day the old woman spent more time in town, selling things in the marketplace. Both she and the old man sold the vegetables they grew in the garden. Sometimes they would take something special to sell—a silver spoon or a piece of lace. Tina watched them slip these things in their baskets in the mornings and she wondered how they had such pretty things to sell. The days

passed slowly while Tina was alone. She was not permitted past the garden gate. And even if she had disobeyed and walked into the road, her only company would have been the burros, cows and goats that grazed in the pasture. Often Tina played ball by herself. She would throw it as high as she could and catch it, or she would bounce it against the wooden gate with a paddle. On rainy days, she rolled the ball across the floor in the house and tried to knock over pieces of wood—like bowling pins.

It was on just such a day when Tina was rolling her ball across the floor that the ball bounced against the doorway and rolled under the big bed in Juan and Lupe's bedroom. Tina almost never went in their room and, in fact, usually the door was closed. But this particular day it had been left open. Slowly, Tina walked in, then got to her hands and knees to lift up the bedspread. Looking under the bed, she saw her ball, but she also saw two wooden chests. Curious to see what was in them, she dragged both out. Opening the first, she saw silver knives, forks and spoons, combs, lace and fine handkerchiefs.

"Well," she thought, "I dare not touch a thing in here; this is what Juan and Lupe sell in the market."

She closed the first chest and pushed it back under the bed. Then she pulled at the latch of the second chest; it was smaller and its rusty hinge made it harder to open. When Tina at last opened the chest, the first thing that caught her eye was a beautiful doll. It was a wooden doll with gracefully carved hands and feet and a sweet face. The doll was dressed in a red-and-black silken gown; a lacy, black veil, a *mantilla*, covered her dark hair and part of her face. Tina reached for the doll. She lifted the veil and saw that the doll's eyes were not painted on the wood. They were bright and clear—like glass. Holding the doll, Tina looked back at the chest. There was nothing else interesting in it—just papers and old letters. By the looks of this chest, Tina decided that Juan and Lupe did not open it very often.

"So," she thought, "I can play with this *muneca*, this doll, and they won't know—at least not for a long time. ¡*Que bonita*! How colorful she is!"

Tina put the doll carefully on the big bed, closed the chest and pushed it back under the bed with the other one. She found her ball and smoothed the bedspread. Everything looked exactly as it had before Tina's ball rolled under the bed. The only difference was that now Tina had the delightful doll in her arms. Before Juan and Lupe came home, she hid the doll behind her dresser.

"After all," thought Tina, "they already have so much to worry about, why should they worry about a doll?"

From then on Tina played with her dainty doll whenever she was at home alone. She talked to it, hugged it, even danced with it. Because this doll was so special, with her shining eyes and long red gown, Tina called her Maria Theresa. One day when Tina was fixing Maria Theresa's clothes, she pushed back the doll's long, lacy black *mantilla* and looked into her sweet face. Almost before Tina could blink, she saw a tear running down the doll's cheek.

"Maria Theresa! Are you crying?" Tina looked into the doll's eyes. The more she looked, the more surprised she became. Looking inside Maria Theresa's eyes, Tina saw a beautiful room reflected there with silk curtains and rich furniture and many lovely flowers in vases. There was a singing bird in a cage and a beautiful high bed in a corner. As Tina looked into the room, she saw a young woman standing by an open window, sighing. Tina blinked. She opened her eyes again and there was the doll, just a doll, sitting in her lap.

"Maria Theresa," said Tina slowly, "did you come from that room? And that is why it is in your eyes?" Without knowing how she knew, Tina knew that the young woman in that splendid room was really her mother.

Suddenly, the doll spoke, "Katrina," she said in a tiny, stiff voice, "we can go to your mama if you will just hold both my hands and close your eyes tight! Now say your true mother's real name, it is . . . Rosa Blanca."

"Rosa Blanca!" whispered Tina with her eyes closed. When she opened them she found herself in the room, and in a few seconds she was in her mother's arms.

"Katrina, my sweetest daughter, how is it you are here?" But she couldn't stop kissing and hugging her long enough to find out. Then Rosa Blanca saw the doll, "Oh there you have my old doll, Anna. Did she help you to find me?"

"Oh, yes, Mama, by her magic eyes!"

"Oh!" said Rosa Blanca. "There is so much magic in this little doll. Still, when the ogre placed magic in this room, some of it must have enchanted dear little Anna in her glass crystal eyes! I am so happy that I sent her with you in the small chest."

"Yes, Mama," said Tina. "Only I call her Maria Theresa, so now her name is Anna Maria Theresa. But why are you here, Mama? And where are we?"

"Oh, Tina, Tina," said Rosa Blanca, her mother. "It's an enchantment. I cannot leave this room, though I have the food I need each day to live. I could be free if I would only say yes and marry the ogre who has watched this house day and night ever since your father died. When the ogre came, I sent you away. You were only a little baby then. The two good servants, Juan and Lupe, who still care for you, took you to keep you out of danger. When I sent you away, my heart was broken, but I knew you would be happier with them than to be kept as a prisoner inside this cruel place. There is no way out for me, not even a crack in the wall." Rosa Blanca sank to the couch and began to weep. "And now you are here, in the same trap; neither you nor I can ever leave!"

"Oh, Mama," Tina said, "don't cry, please!"

Just then the house began to shake. Tina heard loud, pounding footsteps that sounded closer with each loud step. "Mama, what is that?" she asked fearfully.

"That, my sweet child, is the ogre coming up the stairs. He lives alone in the cellar under the house. Every day he comes up the long stairway to this room to ask me the same dreadful question. Quickly, hide under my before he comes to the door that only *he* can open!"

"Come with me, Anna Maria Theresa," Tina said to the doll. She grabbed it and then needed no coaxing to crawl under the big, wooden framed bed. She was lying down, looking through the fringe at the hem of the bedspread when the door flew open and the ogre stomped in.

Rosa Blanca was again standing by the open window. Breathing deeply, the ogre walked into the center of the room—and glared at Rosa Blanca. He was wearing a large gray robe—the color of rain—that draped over his big body. His hair—the color of mud—hung over his face in thick, matted strands. He rocked back and forth on his enormous boots—the color of rusty nails—and rubbed his hands together. Tina saw a small light flashing on his right hand. Looking as closely as she could up through the fringe, she saw that it was a large diamond ring sparkling and shining in the sunlight of her mother's room.

"Well? Well, what is your answer today, *mi dama*, my lady?" His voice was rough—like gravel. Rosa Blanca ignored him and only looked out the window. Suddenly, the ogre began to sniff the air. "I smell a human here, a new smell here. Where is this smell?"

"Oh, please! Stop smelling up this room," laughed Rosa Blanca. "You are too stupid! Can't you see the window is open? You are smelling something the breeze has brought in. Now leave me! You know, as always, my answer is no!"

The ogre looked beaten; he hung his head and left the room, closing the door with a loud and final thud. Tina stayed under the bed, stiff with fright. Unmoving, she listened to the pounding footsteps echo heavily down the staircase until, at last, all was still.

"Tina, Tina, come out," whispered her mother. "Come and try the door—maybe it will open for you."

Tina quickly went to the only door in the room. She turned the knob and pushed with all her strength, but the door did not budge. "It's no use," said Tina. She stopped and sat on the couch with her doll. "He is the only one who can open it. Oh! He is so ugly, that ogre."

"Ah! Yes, ugly and lonely," her mother said. "But Tina, he has smelled you. I cannot trick him for long. We must prepare to leave." Rosa Blanca went around the room, collecting all the jewelry that was lying on her dressers and table. When her hands were full, she put many rings, bracelets and necklaces into Tina's lap. "Here, dear one, put these on and I will wear the rest." She then opened the dresser drawers and boxes and slipped ring after ring on her fingers, bracelets on her wrists, necklaces around her neck and combs in her hair. Katrina was busy doing the same and they both glittered as they moved. All at once, the pounding broke into the quiet room once again. It started low down in the house and came closer step by step.

"Tina!" her mother gasped. "The ogre's coming back. He must somehow know that I was lying!" Rosa ran to her daughter and held her close. Tina hugged her mother and the doll. "Oh, Tina! There is not much more time!" said Rosa Blanca. "What can we do? I do not want you trapped in this prison with me."

Just then, Anna Maria Theresa, the little doll, said in a quiet, stiff voice, "You can both escape here the way that Tina has come, through my glass eyes. Look at them now. What do you see?" They both quickly looked into the doll's glass eyes. They saw the inside of the simple house where Juan and Lupe lived.

"My little doll, what shall we do?" cried Tina.

"Listen," said the doll in the tiniest voice, "each of you hold one of my hands, close your eyes tightly and say the name of the servants . . . Juan and Lupe."

The three sat together on the couch, holding hands, and said out loud, "Juan and Lupe!" In a twinkling of an eye they were sitting on the wooden floor in the simple house. What a great happiness there

was with them all together again: Juan, Lupe, Rosa Blanca, Tina and, not to forget, Anna Maria Theresa. With all the jewelry that Rosa Blanca brought, they soon moved far, far away into a different country, closer to the sea where no ogres lived. And there they lived happily ever after.

STORY EIGHT
PUSS IN BOOTS
OR
THE MASTER CAT

This is a wonderfully fantastic story, fast-moving and filled with surprises. The first surprise is when the cat suddenly starts talking. After that, the cat steals the show and almost everything else—belonging to the wicked ogre, of course. I find that both boys and girls identify with the master cat who is small and crafty—as most children are.

SOURCES

Perrault's Complete Fairy Tales. A translation of Charles Perrault's 18th century collection of folklore by A.E. Johnson. Dodd, Mead, 1961.
Puss in Boots. A retelling by Marianne Moore. Illustrated by Eugene Karlin. Macmillan, 1963.
Puss in Boots. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Seabury Press, 1976.
Bluebeard and Other Fairy Tales of Charles Perrault. Illustrated by Saul Lambert. Collier-Macmillan, 1964.

STORY NINE
THE FISHERMAN
AND HIS WIFE

GERMANY

The humor and suspense in this tale are about wishing and the evils of magic and greed. Each of us at times has an inflated, demanding ego that wishes to exert power over all. But, in this story, the image of the wife becoming first King, Emperor, Pope, then God is a mental double-take. There certainly is a switch on sex roles, which must have been a "double dare" in the cultural context of the old tale. Placing a *woman* in these positions of power was clearly an overdose of hubris. However, it is the woman's obvious obsession that is her downfall: She is incapable of being content with what she has, and so loses her power to wish. The parallel tale in this list is the "Two Stonecutters," from Japan.

SOURCES

Tales from Grimm. Translated and illustrated by Wanda Gag. Coward-McCann, 1936.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Based on Olcott edition of the English translation by Margaret Hunt. Follett, 1968.
The Fisherman and His Wife. Retold by Margot Zemach. Norton, 1966.

STORY TEN
THE TWO STONECUTTERS

JAPAN

The puzzle of deciding what is best if you could only wish for it is introduced in this ironic Japanese tale of power. It is bold and strong in concept and consequence. In telling this tale, it is possible to "change characters" many times as the elder brother goes through his metamorphoses.

SOURCES

The Two Stonecutters. Retold by Eve Titus. Doubleday, 1967.
The Stonecutter. Retold and illustrated by Gerald McDermott. Viking, 1975. This telling is abbreviated and adapted to a more "psychological" telling.

STORY ELEVEN
THE MAGIC GROCERY STORE

MEXICO

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Once there was a man who was very poor. He was hungry but there was nothing to eat in the house. It was a holiday too, New Year's Eve. His wife scolded him because they were so poor. Sadly he went out to his cornfield.

The cornfield was dry. It was growing dark, and as the sun went down the leaves began to whisper together. "Poor, poor, poor," they rustled, "poor, poor." Then the wind began to blow. It blew harder and harder until it was a whirlwind, catching up leaves and dust and whirling them round and round. Back and forth over the field whirled the wind, faster and faster.

All of a sudden the whirlwind stopped in front of the poor man, who was named Manuel. Something stepped out of the dust and leaves. It was a young man. "Do you know who I am?" he said to Manuel.

"I think I do," said Manuel. "I think you must be Tepozton. You look like an ordinary person but you ride in the wind."

"Yes. That is who I am. I am going to help you. Step right into my whirlwind, Manuel."

Manuel stepped in, and instead of dust and leaves he saw something like a small round room. It was made of many colors and there was a comfortable place to sit. Tepozton sat next to him and they whirled away.

When they stopped, they were at the foot of a mountain. Manuel thought he recognized it. He thought it was the mountain where Tepozton lived. He could see the top, very far away, from his own house. But here they were right at the foot of it.

As they were standing there, a door opened. It opened out of the mountain. Light streamed from it. Manuel saw many people moving around inside. Other people were coming up a path and going in.

"It's a magic grocery store," said Tepozton. "It belongs to me. Here are twenty-five cents. Go in and buy anything you want. You can get everything you need for twenty-five cents. But I warn you, it is now eleven o'clock. At twelve the door closes and it does not open again until next New Year. If you take too long, you will be shut up inside of the mountain for a whole year."

Manuel hesitated because he was afraid. Tepozton said, "Don't you believe it is a magic store? Look at me. . ." and he began to turn into a handsome elegant young man, all dressed in colored feathers and precious stones. Then he turned into a tiger, and then into a big spotted snake. And as quickly as that, there he was again just an ordinary person. "Now do you believe me?" he said.

So Manuel thanked him and went into the store. It was a store just like any other. There were three clerks waiting on the people. Manuel bought some beans, some peppers, a little cheese, and some bread. The clerks put them in a bag and he went away.

When Manuel got home his wife was already asleep. He laid the bag down beside her and went to sleep too.

But the next morning, when he woke up and opened the bag, there weren't any beans inside. None of the things Manuel had bought were there. The bag was full of gold. Manuel was rich. Now he and his wife always had something for dinner. So of course she did not scold him again.

STORY TWELVE MIGUEL AND THE MAIZ

WARMUP GAME

CONCENTRATION

Play "Put some concentration on the burro." Explain to your class what sort of animal a burro is and what he usually does. Start the game with student A saying,

"I'm going to take my burro to the marketplace and I'm going to put *a blanket* on his back."

Student B repeats A's sentence and adds an object of his own,

"I'm going to take my burro to the market place and I'm going to put *a blanket and a bag of bananas on his back.*"

Game continues until each child has had a turn and goes on until only one child is left as winner.

Tell the story of "Miguel and the Maiz."

MIGUEL AND THE MAIZ

CATHARINE HORNE

Once there was and was not a boy named Miguel who had only two possessions in the world other than the clothes on his back. One was his large straw hat, his sombrero, which kept him dry in the wet weather and shaded him from the sun in the hot weather. The other was his burro, Pepito, a small, dark brown donkey with a black mane and very large and sad brown eyes. Sometimes Miguel would look into his burro's eyes and wonder why he was so sad. But the burro, Pepito, never told him and instead every day became more and more stubborn. Miguel was so poor that the only way he could make a few pesos was to ask the people going down the road if they wished to have his donkey carry their packages and bundles. For this favor, the people would give Miguel a little money or maybe some food. With this, a little here, a little there, Miguel had to feed himself and Pepito, rain or shine. But every day Pepito became more stubborn. Every day he refused to move from the spot where he was standing.

"Pepito! Burro! ¡*Andale*! Get going!" yelled Miguel. "We must make our way down the road so that we can earn our food for the day. ¡*Pronto*!"

But Pepito would just blink his sad brown eyes and stamp his hooves and stay put. Poor Miguel tried everything; he jumped up and down and pulled on Pepito's rope. He found a stick and hit Pepito, *pobrecito*, and then Pepito would move down the road to do his work. But every day Pepito became more stubborn.

One morning in the plaza Miguel had tried everything to coax Pepito into moving. The sweat poured off his face. The struggle had worn Miguel down so that he fell on his knees in front of Pepito.

"Please, Pepito, for me, can you start to walk down the road, please?" Miguel begged him eye to eye.

But Pepito's dark brown eyes looked sadly back at Miguel and he did not move.

"All right, burro, you will not work for me. I will sell you—then you

will be good for something!" Miguel shouted in anger. He thought of the nights he had gone without food to feed his burro and his eyes filled with tears to think of losing his only companion. But what must be, must be. Just then, Miguel saw an old man in a dark cloak walk into the plaza.

"Senor, burro for sale—strong and sturdy!" Miguel shouted out.

"Hello, my boy, I see that the burro is sturdy. For such a fine little burro you must receive a special price."

Miguel held his breath and looked into the old man's face. There he saw sparkling eyes that seemed to wink at him. The man took out a leather bag and emptied three kernels of yellow corn into Miguel's hand.

"Take these kernels, my son. You can see they are a different sort of corn; these are magic."

Pedro looked at the three kernels of corn, the *maiz*, in his hand. He could see that, first of all, they were yellow. Second, they had tiny, moving circles of green and white inside their skins.

"Magic, Senor! I can see the magic, but what will I do with them?" Miguel asked.

"It is what the magic will do with you, *mi hijito*." And the old man winked slowly at Miguel. "Now is this one, small burro mine?"

Miguel could hardly take his eyes off the corn, "Yes, Senor, all yours!"

The old man snapped his fingers once at Pepito and Pepito started to walk right after him.

"Well," sighed Miguel, "Pepito will be a good burro for once." And he put the corn in his pocket, wondering what the magic would do for him. He hoped it would be soon because what he had in his other pocket was one tortilla, all that he had left to eat. Walking on the road out of town, Miguel climbed a small hill to rest under a tree and eat his tortilla. But as he sat down, the three kernels of corn rolled out of his pocket and down the hill.

"Come back, come back!" he screamed. Running, leaping, he chased those shiny bright yellow kernels through the bush and over the creek beds and into a cave. There the corn rolled in a circle and Miguel caught them. "Stupid corn." Miguel was worn out from running in the hot day. "What a lot of work you caused me for nothing. What magic is this? Now I will be a beggar!" And he threw them as far as he could into the bush.

Miguel sat down in the coolness of the cave, ate his tortilla, and lay down for a siesta. When he woke up and looked out of the cave, what did he see?

Standing in the sun, tall and straight, were three giant cornstalks as big as the tallest tree. Miguel could see the tassles waving from the top of the growing corn.

"Ah ha!" thought Miguel, "so they were magic." As he looked at the stalks, he saw that each stalk had grown one ear of corn that was almost as big as Miguel. "Those ears of corn will make many tortillas," said Miguel. "I will climb up to the top and chop them off."

Miguel did; he climbed up each giant cornstalk one by one and chopped off its ear that fell crashing to the ground below, still wrapped up in its green husk. Miguel thought he should roll them into the cave for grinding into cornmeal and this he did slowly as the sun was setting. He pulled at the husk of the first corn and there he saw—not kernels of corn, but gold coins set in rows round and round each cob of corn.

"Ah, ha! What magic!" shouted Miguel, pulling off the next husk and then the next husk to find more gold coins than he had ever dreamed of seeing.

Miguel hid his gold coins in the cave that night. In the daylight, the cornstalks were gone; they had disappeared into thin air. Miguel, looking at where the cornstalks had stood with their golden coins, thought of the old man who had given him the magic kernels in the plaza the day before.

"I must give him some of this gold for he has given all of it to me," Miguel said to himself.

Miguel filled his hat full of gold coins and, bending over, put the hat carefully on his head, tying the cord tightly under his chin so nothing could fall out. Carefully, carefully, Miguel walked back through the bush and down the long road into town. There, in the plaza, Miguel saw the old man, sitting.

"Senor," smiled Miguel, his eyes glowing from the joy of his new riches, "I have much gold for you."

"Mi hijito," the old man looked deeply into Miguel's eyes, "your good fortune has already given me more joy than I could buy. Now you must buy what you need for yourself." The old man gave a low whistle and the burro, Pepito, stood up—he had been resting under the shade of a tree in the plaza. He came walking slowly over to the bench and up to Miguel.

"Pepito, my poor tired donkey!" cried Miguel. "You have worked so hard for me and for so little food. Now this good man will take care of you and you will not have to work again."

"Take him for yourself, Miguelito," said the *viejo*, the old man. "The burro has shared the bad times with you and now he will share the good."

"Oh, *Senor, por favor,* let me buy him from you." Miguel slowly untied his hat, his old sombrero, and, bending over, put it upside down on the ground. There the gold shone in the sun. The old man filled his leather pouch with some of the gold. Miguel scampered off to the *mercado* with the rest of the coins jingling in his pocket. Pepito seemed to know that he would not have to work and ran after him through the streets. In the *mercado,* Miguel bought all he needed and more.

After that, whenever Miguel needed something, he would go to the cave out in the bush where he had buried the gold coins in a chest. For all his life, he was never again hungry or in need. And as for the old man, Miguel never saw him again—but he often told the story of the old man and the *maiz magico,* the magic corn, to his children and his children's children. And as he told it to them, I have told it to you.

STORY THIRTEEN
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

ENGLAND

The adventure in this tale is well-known, but not often told. All of the details of the story are worth hearing, as they are all vaguely familiar: the "Fee-fi-fo-fum," the hen that lays golden eggs, the chase down the beanstalk, etc. Tell this story as if for the first time. Give it a fresh rendition that restores the tale to its original luster.

SOURCES

English Fairy Tales. Collected and retold by Joseph Jacobs. Putnam, 1898.

The History of Mother Twaddle and the Marvelous Achievements of Her Son Jack. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Seabury Press, 1974. A verse version by B.A.T. published in 1907 by J. Harris, London.

STORY FOURTEEN
COW-TAIL SWITCH

WEST AFRICA

A mystery story of magic and death, this tale brings the flavor of the African jungle with it and yet turns on an abstract and intellectual point. Harold Courlander's collection is second to none. He has the clarity and vibrancy of language necessary for capturing the hypnotic quality of West African storytelling. This type of tale is popular in West Africa because it allows for audience participation in finding the solution. You can invite your audience to reason out the question the father must answer: Which son deserves the prized cow-tail switch?

SOURCE

The Cow-Tail Switch and Other West African Stories. Collected and retold by Harold Courlander and George Herzog. Holt, Rinehardt and Winston, 1947.

STORY FIFTEEN
THE TALL MAN, THE BROAD MAN, AND THE MAN WITH THE SHARP EYES

BOHEMIA

RETOLD BY CATHARINE HORNE

There was once a king, as many a one has been; few have we seen and as few we may see. But the king grew old and he called his only son to him and said, "My life is coming to a close and my bones creak with damp. After I am gone, the kingdom will go over to you. But, my son, you must now go and take a wife who will rule as your queen."

"Father, now as always, I am pleased to do your bidding, but I do not know anyone I would take for my wife."

The old king then handed his son a golden key, saying, "Take this key to the tower at the end of the longest hall in the castle. Climb the stairway to the top and open the door you find there. Then come back and tell me what you see and what you would like to see."

The prince took the key from his father and began to climb a tower he had never been in before. He walked round and round the narrow winding steps and felt quite dizzy. The air seemed dusty and was still. At the top of the stairs, a black iron door was locked and shut. Fitting the golden key in the lock, the prince opened the heavy door and entered a long narrow haliway with six windows on either side. Light was streaming through all twelve of the windows. As the prince stood in the doorway, he noticed one last window, the thirteenth, curtained off at the far end of the hall. Walking the length of the hall, the prince delighted in the colors that radiated through the glass. Hanging freely in each window, as if by magic, was a transparent portrait of a woman. Window by window, the prince observed the play of light and color. One fair lady was all in green with emeralds round her neck, another all in blue with sapphires, a

third in gold, and a fourth like sweet violets, and on it went. The prince found all the various colored windows enjoyable, but unreal. He walked and gazed until he came to the window at the far end, the one draped with a dark veil. Lifting the heavy cloth slowly to one side, he saw before him the most dazzling sight in all the world. Resting on the head of this woman was a crown of pearls that glistened with tiny rainbows of color. Every shade, every hue, every glimmer of color shown from her crown. Lowering his gaze, the prince looked for the first time at the face of this woman. Her face was as motionless as death and her eyes were inexpressively sad. As he looked at her, the sadness in her eyes went into his heart.

"This is the one I wish to be my wife," the prince whispered out loud. At that instant, all the other hanging portraits disappeared into thin air. Only the thirteenth remained and bowed her head, blushing with pleasure. Then, she too, vanished. The prince hurriedly returned to the throne of his father, gave him the golden key and told him of the woman he had chosen to woo as his wife.

The old king frowned and heaved a long sigh. "You have chosen badly. It is treacherous to seek out that which is hidden and brings many dangers. The one you have chosen lives now in Iron Castle under the enchantment of a powerful wizard. Many knights have tried to free her from his power and none of them has come back. But what is done is done. You must go to dare your fate. Come back to me, my son; let it be a speedy and safe return."

The following day, the prince set out on horseback for Iron Castle. In him was a heartsong that made the journey ahead seem light and joyous. He had already gone many miles when he came to a dense forest. Tall trees crowded in on him from every side and he became lost in the thick of them. He plunged about with his horse—this way, that way—but he could gain no way out of the woods. Just when he was ready to give up, despairing of ever returning alive, he heard a voice calling him through the trees.

"Hello, hello. Wait up!" The prince saw a simply dressed man with a very friendly smile coming toward him as fast as he could. "Good day, sir," he said. "My name is Tall. I would like to be of service to you."

"That is very well," said the prince who was in great need. "But what is it that you can do?"

"I can become as tall as I wish in an instant," he said. "Let me show you. Do you see the nest up at the top of that very tall tree over there?"

"Yes," said the prince. "I do."

"I will make myself tall enough to get it for you."

In a twinkling, Tall stretched himself as tall as a tree, picked the nest carefully out of the top branches and put it in his pocket. Then he became normal-size once again and presented the nest to the prince.

"That is very fine," said the prince, accepting the nest. "But I don't see how this will help me to get out of the woods."

"Oh, that is just as easy," said Tall with a smile. And he grew up taller than the highest tree, looked down into the woods and to the plains ahead. "The shortest way is to turn to your left," he said.

The prince followed Tall's directions all the way through the woods. When he reached the plain, Tall took one step, returned to his normal size, and stood beside the mounted prince. Turning to him, the prince said, "Thank you, Tall. I will take you into my service gladly."

Tall and the prince were continuing across the plain when they saw a very short, fat man walking quickly in their direction.

"Oh, that is Broad, my lord. I advise you to take him into your service as well. He can be a great help."

"Greetings, greetings, my lord," said Broad breathlessly when he caught up. "I would like to be in your service."

"Very well. But what can you do?" the prince asked.

"I can grow as wide and broad as I wish. I will show you if you will please ride back into the woods."

The prince was not sure what he meant, but he saw Tall running as fast as he could back to the woods, so the prince spurred his horse and galloped that way, too. All at once Broad blew up. He became so huge that he filled the whole plain. He almost looked like a mountain wearing clothes. Then, in the next moment, he reduced himself to his regular short size and joined Tall and the prince, who once again rode to the middle of the plain.

"Very well," said the prince, "I might need someone like you; I will take you into my service with pleasure."

The three companions walked through the plain and began to climb a rocky area close to a mountain. There among the rocks, the prince saw a third man walking quickly towards him. His eyes were bandaged with a black blindfold, but he seemed to be walking as if he could see perfectly.

"Careful, my good sir," said the prince who was becoming more and more used to unusual things. "Can you tell me what is wrong with your eyes that you are wearing a blindfold?"

"Wrong, my lord, no. It is that my eyes can see only too well."

Tall interrupted, "This man is called Sharp Eyes, my prince, and you would do well to take him into your service."

"Well, Sharp Eyes, I would be glad to take you. But what is it you can do?"

"My lord," he said, "my eyes are bandaged because whatever I look at directly, if it can burn, it bursts into flame; if it cannot, it shatters into a thousand pieces. I will show you." Sharp Eyes untied his black blindfold and looked quickly at one of the large boulders nearby. It shattered instantly. Sharp Eyes replaced the blindfold and went on talking as though nothing had happened. "And so, my lord, I keep my eyes blindfolded to see far distances and through objects. I can see what is hidden."

"Of course, I welcome you into my service," said the prince.

The four companions, the prince, Tall, Broad, and Sharp Eyes continued through the rocky country until they came to a narrow valley where the Iron Castle stood. The valley was desolate and still. No life grew in the fields; they were choked in stubble. The trees were bare as winter. No birds sang; no fish swam in the dried creek beds. No flowers bloomed in the meadows of dried grass. As they approached the gate of the castle, the air itself felt heavy—and their own footsteps seemed to have the sound of hammers hitting metal. The gate was open and they walked slowly in the dense air. There in the inner courtyard were many statues of knights frozen into marble. The statues stood here and there exactly in the position the knights had last taken before they had been changed to stone. Some had their hands raised; some were standing with their mouths open.

"These knights have come here before us on the same quest to save the princess," whispered the prince.

The four ventured farther into the castle and found the dining hall with an immense table of food laid out for four as if it had been prepared for them. But there was no one to be seen. Since they were hungry and exhausted from their journey, the four seated themselves at the table and waited some time for anyone to appear in the hall. At last, they became tired of waiting and ate all that was before them. When they had finished the last morsel of food, they heard a sound like a great clanking coming toward the dining hall.

The door swung open and in front of them stood the wizard all in black. He had sheets of iron for shoulder plates and around his middle were three great iron bands. He wore neck plates and bracelets of iron as well. As he stood looking at them, his face seemed chisled and set, while his eyes glinted with a charcoal glare.

Next to him stood the lovely princess herself, all dressed in white and wearing her crown of pearls. The prince recognized her at once and moved toward her. But she did not know who he was. She remained motionless and still, almost like the marble figures in the courtyard. Her eyes gazed straight ahead as if she were sleepwalking.

The wizard spoke sharply to the prince, "I know why you have come. You have come for the princess. Well! You shall have your turn like all the others. For three nights you and your companions will keep watch over the princess. If for three nights, you can keep her from escaping in front of your own eyes, then you shall have her. If not, at dawn you will be turned to stone like the rest before you." He turned with a clang and left the hall, leaving the princess with them.

The prince could not take his eyes off her, she looked so lost. He talked to her; he smiled at her, but she did not respond. He took her to a chair and sat her down. The prince sat next to her, watching her every second for fear she would escape—through the powerful designs of the wizard.

To prevent her escape, Tall stretched himself all the way around the room like a band. Broad grew wider than the door and stood in front of it. Sharp Eyes roped himself to a pillar in the center of the room. They all tried to stay awake, but they were soon asleep and slept through the whole night.

Just before dawn, the prince awoke. He looked at the chair next to him—the princess was gone! Through the window, he could see the first peep of light and knew the night would soon be over. He shouted loudly to his friends, "Tall, Broad, Sharp Eyes! Wake up! We must find the princess."

"Do not worry, my lord, we will find her before the sun does," they said.

Sharp Eyes looked out the window, through his blindfold, to see that which is hidden. "I see her," he cried. "In a forest one hundred miles from here is a tall oak tree. On top of the tree grows an acorn. That acorn is the princess."

"We will be back in an instant," said Tall. He left the castle in the

dark of earliest dawn with Sharp Eyes on his shoulder. He stretched himself until his head was lost in the sky above the clouds. Then he took one step and he was there. Sharp Eyes plucked the acorn from the tree. One step backward, and Tall shrunk to his normal size in the castle.

"Now, my lord," said Tall, presenting the acorn to the prince, "throw it on the ground."

The prince hurled the acorn to the floor and presto! There stood the princess in front of him and he was filled with joy to see her.

At that moment, the door swung open and the dark wizard entered laughing a terrible laugh, anxious to turn the prince and his companions to stone. But when he saw the princess, his laugh turned into a low growl and he clutched at his middle in pain. Crack, crick, crack! One of the iron bands split and fell to the floor. He stormed from the room angrily, taking the princess with him.

That day passed quietly and quickly in the castle hall. As if by magic, food appeared on the table three times, so that the prince and his companions did not go hungry. That evening, the same as before, the wizard opened the door with a clank! and delivered the princess over to them for watching. He said nothing, but muttered under his breath as he left.

As the night came on, the four friends tried every trick they knew to stay awake. They sat and stood in uncomfortable positions. But the night wore on and each of them fell into a sound sleep. Again, the prince woke up just before dawn and saw that the princess had vanished. With a feeling of shame, he shoved Sharp Eyes.

"Wake up, wake up! Sharp Eyes, can you see her?" The other two heard the shout and awoke. Sharp Eyes looked through his blindfold into the world to see that which is hidden.

"My lord, I see her! Two hundred miles from here there is a mountain. In the center of the mountain there is a diamond. That diamond is the princess."

"Can you bring her back quickly?" the prince was almost shouting.

"My lord, in the time it takes for you to turn around, she will be here."

Tall stretched himself to great heights in the dawning of the day. He set forth in two immense steps with Sharp Eyes on his shoulders. They stopped in front of the mountain and Sharp Eyes removed his blindfold completely. Instantly, the mountain was shattered into a million bits. In the pile of rubble Sharp Eyes saw the diamond

through his blindfold. Tall leaned over and picked it up. Stepping back two steps, Tall returned to the hall his own size.

"Throw the diamond to the floor, my lord." As the prince threw the diamond, the sun rose in the hall and the princess stood radiant in the room. Then the door opened and the wizard was almost blinded by the light that came from her. He screamed and crack, crick, crick! The second iron band split from around his middle and fell to the floor. He held his side as he took the princess away.

That day passed as before. When night came, the same things happened. The four slept and the princess escaped their watch. As before, the prince woke before the rest just as the sun was going to rise.

"Hurry, hurry!" He jumped and began to shake Sharp Eyes who leaped to his feet and began to scan the earth for the princess—looking through his blindfold to see that which is hidden.

"Oh, my lord, she is a long way off. There is a lake three hundred miles from here and in that lake is a shell. In the shell is a gold ring. That gold ring is the princess."

"This time we must take Broad," said Tall who was awake and ready. He placed Sharp Eyes on one shoulder and Broad on the other as he stretched as high as the sky. He walked three long steps and placed Broad on the shore of the lake. Broad made himself as large as the lake and swallowed it. Through his blindfold, Sharp Eyes saw the shell and picked it up and removed the ring.

All this time, the prince waited in the castle pacing back and forth. The sun had sent its first rays of light into the room. The door opened; the wizard walked in and saw the prince alone. He began to laugh wickedly, but just then a pane of glass in the hall window shattered. The gold ring flew into the room and struck the floor. Once again, the princess stood in the room. Sharp Eyes had seen the danger and had thrown the ring ahead of them through the window.

Seeing her, the wizard shrieked and his third band fell broken to the ground. His shape changed into a horrible black bird that flew off, never to be seen again. Suddenly, birds began to sing all around, flowers bloomed, water ran and the breezes blew. But best of all, the princess blushed and thanked the prince for saving her from the enchantment of the iron wizard. As the prince, princess and their three companions walked into the courtyard, they saw that the knights had returned to life. Many of the knights came forth to thank the prince.

"I have done nothing," he said to them all. "If it had not been for my three companions, Tall, Broad, and Sharp Eyes, I, too, would be a stone statue in this same courtyard."

Not much longer after that, a great wedding was celebrated at the castle of the old king who rejoiced to see his son and bride. The knights who had been stone statues in the Iron Castle were there in splendor. After feasting and merry-making, Tall, Broad, and Sharp Eyes presented themselves to the prince and princess to say goodbye.

"Please stay with me always," said the prince, sad to see them go. "I will give you whatever you wish."

"No, my lord, we wish for nothing. And we are not happy if we are not busy."

So they set out again into the world. And for all we know, they are, to this day, giving help to anyone who needs their services. The Tall Man, the Broad Man, and the Man with the Sharp Eyes—as few have seen and as few may see.

Section Three

Story Theater

STORY THEATER

In the Index to Story Titles that follows the Contents, I have indicated with an asterisk (*) those stories that I have found lend themselves to creative drama. It is for those stories that this section is written.

INTRODUCTION

My years of telling stories to children have been filled with so many sudden exchanges between myself and the students that I have hardly known how to begin writing this section. I have shared so much "play" time with classes, so many moments of spontaneous laughter, as well as witnessed the gifted improvisation of child actors that I have not known how to put my experiences into a few words. I wanted to wrap all the delights into one five-pound box of "Whitman's Samplers" in just a few paragraphs of print. I continued in my quandary until I discovered a book that has already said all that I yearned to say—a book, in fact, that is closest in spirit and content to *Word Weaving* than any other I have read. This book was originally published in 1905 and has been reprinted recently: *How to Tell Stories to Children* by Sara Cone Bryant (Gale, 1973). Because Sara Bryant and I share the same point of view almost the span of a century apart, I am now prepared to present my paragraphs in print with some references to hers.

"Storytelling has a real mission to perform in setting free the natural creative expression of children and vitalizing the general atmosphere of the school."
—Sara Cone Bryant, 1905

Telling a story to a group of children is a gift as well as a performance. There is an implicit dynamic set up in both giving and performing. Giving implies receiving and performing implies a stage. As you tell a story there is an outflow of you to the students; the more stories you tell, the more the outflow builds and builds. The more that you perform on the story stage, the more real the stage becomes. After a period of time, the children inevitably want to *give back* the stories and to *play the story* on stage. In fact, a natural desire builds in the audience so much so that I've found if I don't give the stage over to child storytelling and child acting within a period of time, they ask, insist, pester, demand until I do. Since the dynamic occurs so naturally, there is almost no "teaching" involved in this method, as Bryant pointed out. In Chapter V, "Some Specific Schoolroom Uses of Storytelling," she states in her section on "playing the story:" "At no point is the teacher apparently teaching. She lets the audience teach itself and its actors." Anyone who has observed me work with children "playing the story" will concur. I sometimes sit in the audience while a child tells a story or a group of children act out a play. It is delightful to let the tables turn—to allow the children to *give back* the story.

This creative activity fosters an entire range of language skills in young children. A short list would include: diction, enunciation, increased vocabulary, voice projection, expressiveness and a knowledge of literary device.

I agree with Sara Bryant that allowing the child to tell stories or play stories is "especially worthwhile in the big city schools, where so many children come from homes where broken English or the English of the tenement is spoken." I would like to update this last remark from Bryant's book with a statement taken from the evaluation of my own storytelling/creative drama program at the end of the 1979-80 school year: "The program is especially effective for non-readers from lower-income homes, for shy children, and for children from non-English-speaking homes."[2]

2 *Word Weaving: An Interim Evaluation.* By Lesser and Ogden Associates, May 31, 1980.

I trust that the two paragraphs above have given you a sense of the dynamic, enjoyment, and value of story theater. What follows are two amazingly simple sets of instructions for child storytelling and child acting. Use them knowing that many of the results might not be measurable. You might not even be able to articulate all that story theater has meant to the children and to you. But after you have seen one child stand up and tell the entire story of the "Three Billy Goats Gruff" using all four different voices and with a personal sharing in his or her delivery, you will not need a checklist to know how many steps that child has taken in language development. A performance ought never to be graded; it should simply be enjoyed—to the sound of applause!

CHILD STORYTELLING

1. After you have told a story two or three times to the same group, ask the students whether one of them would like to tell that story. Do not ask immediately after you have told it. Wait until the story has soaked in, yet is still fresh in the minds of the children.

2. While the child tells the story, do not correct him or her. If the child momentarily loses the plot, you and the audience should remain silent. If the child is really stuck, instruct him or her to ask the audience what happens next and to call on someone who has *silently* raised his or her hand.

3. When the child has finished the story, ask him or her to bow and for the audience to applaud.

4. Often children have stories that they have made up or ghost stories that are the current fad—even "shaggy dog" stories that might be the ultimate in second grade humor for the season. Give these stories the same stage respect that you ask for the stories you tell. The children might really think that you make up all of your

own stories or else just the opposite—that they are all true. In either case, their original and "true" stories should have the same credibility as yours. You might, however, have a prearranged time limit on the original tales. I recall one second grade girl whose story went on for fifteen minutes without an ending in sight. She eventually asked the audience for help with the ending and that brought the tale to a satisfying conclusion.

PLAYING THE STORY

After you have told a story, AT LEAST TWICE, try this simple process that I call "playing the story." As an example, let's use "The Story of the Three Bears."

1. Immediately after telling the story for at least the second time, look around the classroom and say, "I need four characters." Then ask for them in this way, "Who would like to be the Great, Huge Bear?" "Who would like to be the Middle-sized Bear?" "Who would like to the Small, Wee Bear?" "Who would like to be the naughty old woman?" As you ask for each character, call on whomever is raising his or her hand without clamoring for the part yet looks earnest about doing it. You also could repeat the play a number of times so that everyone gets a turn.

2. When the children have been chosen for each part, work with them and the audience to block the stage. This step is essential, because there are no props in this theater. Block the stage this way: "Where is the house of the three bears?" "Where is the front door?" "Where are the tables, the chairs, the beds, the bowls, the window, etc.?" Be patient in developing the stage set. In the "Three Bears" there is only one set; other stories might have two or three. If so, you need to block each scene before it begins. I often do the blocking for the second scene *after* the first scene's performance in an effort to simplify the progress of the play.

3. After setting the stage to everyone's satisfaction, let the play begin without any more fanfare. Sometimes I say, "Take One!" or simply, "Begin!" If a character is stuck—from shyness or loss of memory or both—give him or her time to loosen up and remember that there are no exact lines to recall. Encourage the actors to "make up" the lines if they can't remember them. Ask for the audience to give pointers, if needed. The important single element is the story sequence of what happens next. Allow the play to proceed with as little interruption as possible. From time to time you will enjoy a bit of improvisation that will bring down the house!

4. When the play is concluded, ask each character to take a bow in this way: "Give your full name and the name of the character you

played and take a bow." Example: "My name is Betty Green and I played the part of the Great, Huge Bear." The audience applauds for each member of the cast and the play is over.

5. Sometimes the cast and story elements combine to make a truly fine performance. When that happens, it is a real treat to share the play with another class, inviting them as guests to your room or sending the cast as guest performers to their room.

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